It's Cold in that Phone Booth *Richard Dudman*

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Oil Underground

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The Needed Tapes—*The Editors*

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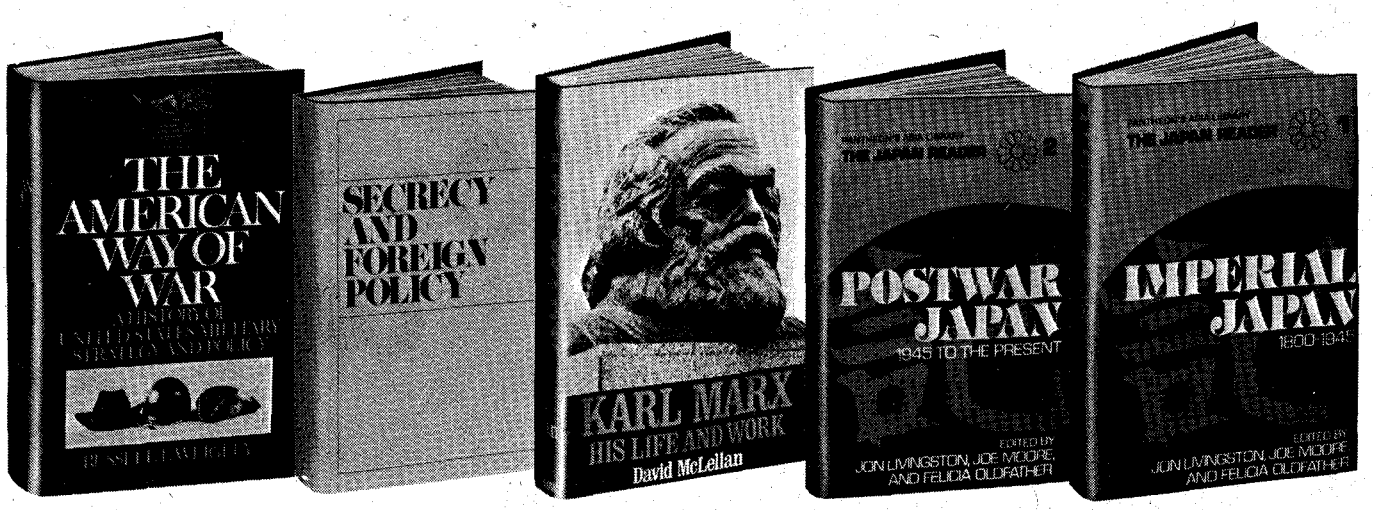
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12 Dialing your own out-of-state Long Distance calls is the least expensive way of all. If you don't know the number for a call you want to make to a distant city, you can obtain it at no charge to you by dialing the area code (when required) for that city, plus 555-1212, for Directory Assistance. Then dial direct and save. Save time

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save money phone bill.

in the future by recording the number in your personal number book. A listing of all area codes can be found in the information pages at the front of your local telephone directory.

13 Make sure you know when dial-direct rates apply before you make your call. They apply on all out-of-state calls to anywhere in the United States (excluding Alaska) if they are completed from a residence or business phone without an operator's assistance. They also apply on calls placed with an operator from a residence or business phone when direct dialing facilities are not yet available.

14 But it's even more important to know the circumstances when direct-dial rates do NOT apply. They do not apply on person-to-person, hotel-guest, credit card or collect calls, or on calls charged to another number, because an operator must assist on such calls. Direct-dial rates do not apply on calls made from coin phones, even those from which you dial the complete number yourself before the operator comes on.

15 While operator-handled calls cost you more than those you dial yourself, there is one exception. If you run into equipment trouble completing a Long Distance call you're dialing yourself from a home or business phone, you're still eligible for the dial-direct rate even if you require an operator's assistance. Explain your problem to an operator. If you need help in getting the call through, or in making a satisfactory connection, confirm with the operator that it will be charged at the dial-direct rate.

16 Dial direct, but save even more by making your out-of-state Long Distance calls within the time periods when rates are lowest. The lower rates for out-of-state calls made in the evening, on the weekends or late at night are described for you in the call guide in the front of your local directory.

17 Don't get caught by surprise, or miss out on the money you can save on Long Distance calls you make within your state. The times when lower rates apply may be different than for your out-of-state calls. Check carefully in the call guide in the front of your local directory for a description of when to save on calls you make within your state.

18 If you're concerned about avoiding added charges on your Long Distance calls in general, don't guess how long you've been talking. Time yourself, so you can finish your call before overtime rates apply. To save even more time and money, jot down what you want to say before you dial.

19 Before you go ahead and place a Long Distance call to a business, check first to see if they have a toll-free number. You can recognize it because it has an 800 prefix instead of a regular area code. If they have one, it's usually displayed in their advertising, or you may find it listed in your own local telephone directory. If so, the call's on them, and you save.

20 The information pages at the front of your local telephone book are a good source for tips on how to place your calls and how to save time and money in using your telephone. Look in the book, and save.

We hear you.

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TRB

from Washington
February 23, 1974

Jackson's Charge

To my amazement I found myself defending Richard Nixon the other day. For one who thinks he ought to be impeached this was a strange experience. (I almost caught myself looking 'round to see who was doing it.) Things are becoming so topsy-turvy in this city that anything can happen. A Harris poll, for example, says Mr. Nixon's popularity is down to 30 percent, his lowest point. But it also says that the rating of the Democratic Congress is even lower; it's down to 21 percent. A good many things are breaking loose from their moorings here in all sorts of places.

In this case the assault on the President came from a supporter of Sen. Henry (Scoop) Jackson, the Democrat from Washington state who is the Republicans' favorite candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. Jackson is a short, energetic, likeable man. There is a direct, disarming, folksy quality about him which is quite attractive. He's no great shakes as an orator and may put you to sleep. And he's running hard for the Democratic nomination a couple of years ahead of time, which just shows how we stretch out our election campaigns.

What Scoop says, in brief, is that Richard Nixon is soft on communism. Crazy? All right, I said things were getting daft. Jackson thinks Moscow is pulling the wool over the President's eyes. And Jackson is also 100 percent for Israel and thinks the Arab pressure is just a Moscow plot. Now there may be some truth in that. But to Scoop, things are either black or white. He gave 100 percent support for the South Vietnam war. Today he wants a full military build-up, no arms agreement with Moscow save on our terms, distrust of Kissinger and Nixon in their dealings with Moscow, and full use of any obstacles to détente, like a demand that Russia allow unrestricted Jewish emigration, oust the Arabs and make amends to Solzhenitsyn.

The Ivan the Terrible treatment of Solzhenitsyn is the best thing that ever happened to American liberals, Scoop's supporters think—it reminds them that Russia is a totalitarian state. (The Jackson thesis is that liberals don't know that.) This is the theme, too, of Jackson supporters Eugene Rostow and Ben Wattenberg, who back a Jackson-oriented policy group, Coalition for a Democratic Majority, which is trying to pull the Democratic party over to the conservative ("centrist") side. This also seems to be the goal of the Democrats' national chairman, Bob Strauss.

Jackson's crusade is a token of the Democratic dissension. His strong pro-Israel stand gets support from the Jewish community. He has made good professional use of his Senate chairmanship to lead the attack on the sitting-duck targets, the rapacious oil giants. Somehow or other we haven't been able so far to take the senator as seriously as we ought, perhaps because we favor détente, or because we haven't adjusted yet to the concept of Richard Nixon being squishy toward communism.

An American presidential election begins about a year after the previous one ends and runs three years; the present British election lasts three weeks and ends February 28. A British-type election would only be possible in America if a full voter registry were compiled from the tax list and kept ready and up to date; if our political parties stood for something; if we had a legislature that could reach decisions and make policy; and if the adversary leaders like Messrs. Heath and Wilson were also party leaders and fully identified in advance.

The 1972 US election probably cost $300 million. The British election will cost a fraction of that (in a smaller country, of course), and there won't be contributions by ITT, the dairy interests, the oil interests and Howard Hughes. In England it wouldn't be possible to elect a prime minister of one party and stalemate him against a legislature of a rival party as we do frequently. Neither system is perfect, of course; the individual members of the House of Commons have very little say and often vote "just like their leaders tell 'em to." In the current election it seems doubtful that the winner, whoever he is, will get a big enough majority to carry on very long.

On the other hand there is this to be said about the British system: it won't provide an imperial President who lives alone in the White House and decides by himself whether to bomb or invade, to impound funds, or to give up tapes. In Westminster there is a plural government, the members of the cabinet are consulted and have independent political strength; there is collective decision-making. James Sundquist of Brookings, author of "Dynamics of the Party System," noted recently that in other English-speaking countries executive power rests in plural cabinets and that even in Russia there is the Politburo. Nations have learned through the centuries, he says, that "to entrust power to one man is inherently dangerous . . . In almost every organization the restraint of collective decision-making is forced upon the leader." In Washington alone, he says, the cabinet member has been downgraded to the status of field commander, to get and execute orders. Much of his former power is held by the ambitious presidential staff. The President is in *command;* it is like the military; it is appropriate that H. R. Haldeman, "the Prussian," has been replaced as chief of staff by Alexander Haig, a retired general.

Yes, the British system, like Canada's, has flexibility. To get rid of a collapsed leader you don't have to behead him, like a king, or impeach him, like a President. You just have a three-week election and displace him or not, as the electorate sees fit. America is the one great democracy without this device.

Notes: While we're praising Mr. Nixon, we think he and Kissinger are taking the right track in the third great global economic crisis of the century; in the energy conference here last week they did not revert to Smoot-Hawley (1930) isolationism, but took the Marshall Plan (1947) model of collaboration. . . . Betting here is that present $10-a-barrel Arab oil is unrealistic and will be down by year-end to eight dollars. . . . Everybody loves exasperating France but, as Kissinger told a closed congressional session, "The French have had this unparalleled facility, for 150 years, to work against their own self-interest. . . ." Mr. Nixon's proposed trip to Russia in June may come at the height of impeachment; he's laying down a spectacular dare to Congress.

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Why the Tapes Are Needed

The White House wants to limit what Special Watergate Prosecutor Leon Jaworski gets in the way of tapes and documents relating to numerous allegations of impropriety and criminality. The limit was set with Mr. Jaworski's predecessor, Archibald Cox, at nine tapes; with Mr. Jaworski it appears to be set at 17. That, the President implies, is all the prosecutor needs. Is it? Last November Mr. Cox reminded us that his subpoena for the original nine tapes was drawn up as a test. He did not expect to find within those conversations proof of anyone's guilt or innocence. At that time Cox and his staff had been at work only six weeks and had "received very little evidence from the White House files and the hope of getting more seemed vain until legal principles had been established." The Watergate prosecution force has now been at work for over eight months, and whether nine, 17 or 100 tapes are needed to complete its task "with care and with thoroughness" (Mr. Jaworski's words), it should get them. Here are examples of why that is so.

First, there are the *three June 23, 1972 conversations between Mr. Nixon and H. R. Haldeman.* At 1:30 pm that afternoon Haldeman met in the White House with CIA Director Richard Helms and his deputy, Lt. Gen. Vernon Walters. According to both CIA officials, Haldeman ordered Walters to tell Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray III to stop his agents' investigation of four Mexican checks that had been cashed by one of the Watergate burglars. Walters was told by Haldeman to say that such an inquiry might compromise secret CIA operations. As later investigation proved, the Mexican checks were contributions to the President's reelection committee, not related in any way to the CIA. But Haldeman's intervention delayed for two weeks discovery of the financial tie between the Watergate break-in and the campaign committee. Might the tapes tell us why Haldeman sent Walters to Gray in the first place? Testifying before the Ervin committee, Haldeman said the President on the morning of June 23 had given "instructions . . . to hold the meeting" with Helms and Walters. The President admitted as much in his own statement of May 22, 1973. Haldeman could not recall, however, whether he had mentioned Mexico during the meeting, though each of the other participants remembered that it was. Nor could Haldeman remember whether Mr. Nixon had mentioned Mexico. It's a key point, for at

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that stage in the investigation—a week after arrest of the burglars at the Democratic national headquarters—only a handful of individuals at the Nixon reelection committee knew about the Mexican checks. Nixon finance chairman Maurice Stans was one of them, and on the evening of June 22, according to former White House counsel John Dean, Stans wanted the White House to hold up further FBI investigation of that money. Dean, who knew of the FBI inquiry from private talks with Acting Director Gray, supposedly reported this to Haldeman and to White House aide John Ehrlichman. Is that what precipitated the Haldeman meeting with CIA officials?

According to the President's logs he met with Haldeman three times on June 23—at 10:04 am for 35 minutes; at 1:04 pm for nine minutes; and again at 2:20 pm for 25 minutes. The morning meeting corresponds to the time Haldeman said the President suggested Helms and Walters be summoned. The two afternoon meetings precede and follow Haldeman's session with the CIA officials. It is plausible to conclude that one if not all those conversations concerned Haldeman's directions to Gen. Walters. A review of the conversations by Jaworski could determine whether Haldeman or the President tried to impede an FBI investigation by throwing up a national security smokescreen.

Next, we have the *January 3 and 4, 1973 conversations between the President and John Ehrlichman and between the President and Charles Colson.* On November 24, 1972 Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt, then under indictment, telephoned his old friend Colson at the White House. Hunt was calling for help in getting money that had been committed but not paid to the defendants. "This is a long haul thing," Hunt said, "and the stakes are very very high and I thought you would want to know that this thing must not break apart for foolish reasons . . . we're protecting the guys who are really responsible . . . and of course that's a continuing requirement, but at the same time this is a two way street. . . ." With the election won, Hunt said, "a few people [in the White House] ought to really be able to concentrate on this and get the goddamn thing out of the way once and for all. . . ."

Hunt must have thought he had some leverage on the White House. He had worked there. He had done some surreptitious investigating of Sen. Edward Kennedy, interviewed ITT's Dita Beard and constructed a phony State Department cable—all at the request of Colson. As a member of the special White House investigative unit (the "Plumbers"), Hunt had participated in the Pentagon papers investigation and the break-in at Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. Moreover after the Watergate arrests, Hunt's White House safe had been drilled open, and John Dean had turned over some of its contents to FBI agents. Dean had also given Acting FBI Director Gray two folders, saying they were "political dynamite" and should not be put into the Watergate file. In addition Dean apparently retained and later destroyed Hunt's address book and notebook that contained information about Hunt's activities for the White House and the reelection committee. After Hunt's indictment, his lawyer filed a motion to suppress from use in the upcoming trial any evidence taken from Hunt's safe.

On December 8, 1972 Hunt's wife Dorothy, who had been serving as covert distributor of money to the Watergate defendants, died in a Chicago airplane crash. An anguished Howard Hunt then sent a personal letter to Colson, pleading that Colson meet with his lawyer: "My wife's death, the imminent trial, my present situation [caring for four children], all contribute to a sense of abandonment by friends on whom I had in good faith relied. I can't tell you how important it is, under the circumstances, for Bill Bittman to have the opportunity to meet with you, and I trust that you will do me that favor." Colson did meet Bittman, on January 3 and 4, 1973, after having discussed the upcoming session with Ehrlichman and Dean. Although Hunt told the Ervin committee that executive clemency was not part of the Bittman-Colson talks, both Dean and Ehrlichman testified that it was, though their stories varied. Ehrlichman said Colson was warned *not* to discuss clemency and reported back that Bittman "had advanced feelers to him [Colson] which he rebuffed." In Dean's version Colson reported after his first meeting with Bittman that he, Colson, "felt it was imperative that Hunt be given some assurances of executive clemency." Ehrlichman, according to Dean, said he would take up the matter with the President, but that Colson should not. The next day, January 4, 1973, again according to Dean, Ehrlichman gave Colson "an affirmative regarding clemency for Hunt" and Colson passed that message on to Bittman.

Another meeting on January 4 suggests that clemency *was* being considered. Ehrlichman and Dean had lunch that day with then-Attorney General Richard Kleindienst. Kleindienst's recollection of what went on was given to the Ervin committee by his assistant attorney general, Henry Petersen, who testified that Dean and Ehrlichman on January 4 "raised a question [with Kleindienst] of whether or not leniency could be accorded the defendants." (According to Petersen, Kleindienst told him to "go on over to the White House and tell those crazy kids over there . . . before they do something they will be sorry for.")

Who's telling the truth about the events of January 3 and 4? To help answer the question Jaworski has asked for tapes of the two days. They cover meetings between the President and Colson and the President and Ehrlichman. There are telephone calls between the President and Colson—one the evening of January 3 at 8:39 pm, which would correspond to a time after Colson first met with Bittman. There are four January 4 telephone calls beginning at 8:46 am between the

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President and Colson—the day Dean said some assurance of clemency was given. A week later, on January 10, Hunt pled guilty and said no other persons were involved in the Watergate affair than the ones then under indictment. That same month Hunt was given $60,000 in cash to cover his living expenses and legal fees.

We have not finished the tale of what tapes are needed and why, and the rest of it will be printed in these columns next week. But what has been said so far ought to convince the heartiest defender of the White House or the strictest supporter of "executive privilege" that the special prosecutor isn't on any fishing expedition.

Secret Covenants

We learned after the fact that the administration quietly sold 400 million bushels of wheat to the Soviet Union a couple of years ago, on terms that cost the American taxpayer $300 million in subsidies, and according to a study made by the General Accounting Office, caused shortages that triggered a "dramatic rise" in domestic wheat prices from $1.68 a bushel in July 1972 to about $5.75 today. Last year we learned after the fact that the administration had been secretly bombing neutral Cambodia from 1969, and evidence is filtering out that "peace with honor" not withstanding, the US is still funneling massive military aid into South Vietnam. Now, thanks to some digging by Sen. Case of New Jersey, we learn that the government entered into a secret arrangement to lend the Soviet Union at least a half-billion dollars at six percent interest without informing Congress of the transaction and thereby breaking the law.

Case has long been troubled that Presidents don't bother to have treaties ratified by the Senate, as the Constitution requires, but instead make "executive agreements" that are equally binding yet bypass legislative consent. In 1972 Case sponsored an act requiring the administration to advise Congress of all its foreign commitments. In monitoring compliance with that act he discovered that the Export-Import Bank placed a ceiling of $500 million on credits to the Kremlin without transmitting this information to Congress. So far the bank has lent $119 million of that amount to the Soviet Union. Another $229 million, to be used on a fertilizer complex and for gas exploration, is awaiting final approval. No details on these loans have gone to Congress nor, Case says, has information on other similiar ventures, including an enormous fertilizer and gas project that may cost as much as eight billion dollars. Reaching beyond the connection between trade and foreign policy, Case and other senators are also concerned about Middle East "understandings" reached by Secretary Kissinger.

The other day former Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Carroll Brunthaver defended the controversial 1972 wheat sale to the Russians by saying that it "constructively helped the process of détente." We are inclined to agree with him. But as our descent into the hell of Vietnam amply demonstrated, the question remains: Under our system of checks and balances, what are the prudent limits of executive discretion in the conduct of foreign policy?

Solzhenitsyn

There was no doubt that the Soviet authorities would sooner or later punish Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Believing that he could best serve freedom and truth in the Soviet Union by publicizing the plight of intellectuals and other dissenters, Solzhenitsyn deliberately invited the crackdown on himself. He defied the Kremlin by permitting sections of *The Gulag Archipelago*, his account of the Stalin terror, to be published abroad, and he went further last week by allowing *The New York Times* to print an additional part of the book denouncing the present Soviet judicial system. He also challenged the Soviet police last week by rejecting two summonses to appear before a government prosecutor because, he said, "of the complete and general illegality reigning in our country for many years." He thus personalized the classic struggle of the individual against the arbitrary state.

In more than one sense, Solzhenitsyn has won. He has shown, first of all, that a Russian who has lived for 55 years under Soviet rule can retain and eloquently express that respect for reality and for humanity which we associate with the classical Western tradition. In addition by turning the spotlight on repression, he compelled the Soviet leadership to exile him to West Germany rather than dispatch him to Siberia or do away with him, as they might have done had his case remained obscure. The Kremlin, for all its narrowness, is not insensitive to world opinion. As for Solzhenitsyn himself, one can only hope that his genius will continue to bear fruit in alien soil.

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Divided by Oil

Henry Kissinger has performed extraordinary diplomatic feats since he began to manage US foreign policy five years ago. But he faced a uniquely complex challenge last week as he sought to set in motion, starting with a gathering of the world's major non-Communist industrial states, a series of meetings designed to settle the global oil crisis and its related problems. The Washington Energy Conference, attended by the US, Canada, Japan, Norway and the nine members of the European Common Market, lasted only three days. That was long enough to demonstrate that Kissinger had finally encountered complications that not only defy his talents, but, if left unresolved, threaten international chaos.

At this stage the economic implications of the oil crisis could, unless checked, devastate nearly every country on earth, including the petroleum producers of the Middle East. A few statistics dramatize the story. Should the Arabs maintain their present oil prices, the industrial states will run a deficit this year of close to $40 billion, which would mean unemployment, inflation and crippled trade. Current oil prices will throw the developing countries into a deficit in 1974 of some $30 billion, roughly three times the amount of aid they have received in recent years, and badly stunt their growth. By 1985, at this rate, Saudi Arabia, Libya and the Persian Gulf sheikdoms of Abu Dhabi, Qatar and Kuwait will have accumulated the staggering sum of $120 billion, thereby wrecking the international monetary system and themselves.

Perceiving this potential debacle, Kissinger opened the Washington meeting with a plea for cooperation, warning that the alternative is "a vicious cycle of competition, autarky, rivalry and depression such as led to the collapse of the world order" in the 1930s. He laid out a set of seven proposals, the most generous of them an offer to share America's "total petroleum supply . . . in times of emergency or prolonged shortages" if Canada as well as Britain and Norway, which expect to have ample North Sea oil in the years ahead, do the same. He argued for a "coordinating group" to study the problem as well as for future conferences with the developing nations and the Arab producers, the entire process to be on track by May 1. And most significantly in light of European complaints, he expressed willingness to concede to bilateral oil deals by the Common Market states as long as they "follow agreed rules of conduct." He said: "We do not dispute the right of sovereign nations to make individual arrangements [but] unrestrained bilateralism is certain to produce disastrous political and economic consequences."

But there were gaps in the US position that aroused legitimate suspicions among the Europeans. Federal energy administrator William Simon was evasive, for example, when asked whether the White House would consider gasoline rationing in order to share fuel with America's allies. An apparent contradiction also emerged between Kissinger's appeal for joint action and President Nixon's pledge in his state of the union message that the US would be independent in energy by the end of the decade. Aggravating these doubts was the fear of the Europeans, the French foremost among them, that a coordinated approach signified US political domination.

France's outspoken Foreign Minister Michel Jobert, whose views more or less reflect those of other Europeans, has long been critical of Kissinger's tendency to deal with the Soviet Union without consulting the Atlantic allies. Consistent with his Gaullist leanings, Jobert has also been striving to assert French independence, and as part of this strategy he has been lately shuttling around the Arab states in an effort to barter weapons and other merchandise for oil. Last month he reached an agreement to provide Saudi Arabia with aircraft, tanks, missiles and other military hardware as well as petrochemical factories and refineries in exchange for 5.6 billion barrels of crude oil over the next 20 years. He has made similar deals elsewhere in the Middle East, and a report from Beirut last month indicated that he promised Saudi Arabian and Kuwaiti officials that he would exert his influence to block US attempts to organize the oil consuming nations against the petroleum producers. Jobert initially intended to boycott the Washington meeting, then decided to come as a "gesture of courtesy" and also to "make it possible for Europe to assert a common position." At his insistence the nine Common Market countries said in a joint statement earlier this month that they would reject Kissinger's recommendation that the conference create a permanent "task force" to handle the energy crisis. The Japanese, who are skittish about alienating the Arabs, quietly aligned themselves with the Europeans.

At the conference itself, however, Kissinger persuaded the Europeans to dilute their opposition to a permanent body to work on the oil problem and to accept at least a temporary group. Jobert resisted even that compromise, rejecting any measure that, he said, would "lead fatally to a conflict" with the Arabs, who had denounced the Washington conference as a US maneuver to impose its views. By the end of the first day the meeting was a shambles mirroring real divergences the energy crisis has brought to the fore. The Europeans had quarreled among themselves and especially with France, thereby proving, probably to Kissinger's private satisfaction, that Common Market unity is a myth. They pieced together a fragmented communiqué, in which French dissension showed that the industrial nations are incapable of forming a common front on a problem that affects them all. And the US learned, as Kissinger has known throughout the past year, that it cannot lead as forthrightly as it once did.

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Onassis and the Vanishing Yankee

Durham, NH

Olympic Refineries is the creation of Aristotle Onassis. It was incorporated in the US for the purpose of building the world's largest oil refinery in Durham, New Hampshire. The refinery would receive 400,000 barrels of crude each day from a supertanker terminal at the Shoals, a cluster of barren but beautiful offshore islands. There are no other islands from Cape Cod to Casco Bay. New Hampshire has a scant 18 miles of seacoast, and its sole university is located in Durham. The Onassis refinery would make this community (resident population, 5000) a rival to New Jersey in the production of refined petroleum products. Durham voters have opposed it two-to-one in successive polls, but they are not resting easy on that account. The state legislature has the power to override local zoning ordinances, or even to carve a new township out of the land that has been optioned to Olympic.

New Hampshire Gov. Meldrim Thomson is solidly behind Onassis. So is the Manchester *Union Leader*. And Olympic has budgeted one million dollars for a sales campaign to be directed by Tex McCrary, late of the "Tex and Jinx Show," now a Manhattan publicist.

A million dollars will go far in New Hampshire, where a legislator's salary is constitutionally fixed at $200 per biennium, and where public services are chronically underfinanced. Olympic has been quick to exploit this weakness. An agent for the company volunteered to build "a little museum" to house artifacts that might otherwise be lost amid pipelines, tank farms, cracking plants and retaining walls. The same agent, Peter Booras, also mentioned a gift to the University of New Hampshire's estuarine laboratory. Olympic has acted on the first proposal by hiring the state's legislative historian to study the Durham site. Nothing has been heard of the second idea, but when Aristotle Onassis visited New Hampshire for a few hours in December, he authorized Gov. Thomson to announce that Olympic might finance a pollution research laboratory at UNH. Perhaps that offer supplants the earlier one, on the logical grounds that one oil spill could put the estuarine lab out of business.

Olympic has attempted to recruit UNH faculty members as consultants. It has tried to hire a state legislator as its chief lobbyist. It has wined the Durham selectmen, invited them to dinner, and offered to fly them to Quebec to view "Golden Eagle"—which, although one-fourth the size of the proposed Durham facility, is supposed to be the very model of a modern oil refinery. Finally Olympic has made an ambiguous offer to subsidize St. Thomas Aquinas, a financially ailing parochial school five miles away in Dover.

With all this money floating around—or rather the talk of it, since not much money has actually been spent—Durham's citizens may be pardoned for their uneasiness. It was once believed that Yankees were shrewd and incorruptible. But the Yankee is a vanishing breed in New Hampshire, as megalopolis spills relentlessly across its southern border. There is no better proof than the fact that Olympic was able to corner nearly one-fourth of Durham's land area for less than $2000 an acre.

Onassis seems optimistic. When he was leaving New Hampshire after his flying visit, a reporter asked if Durham citizens were justified in thinking that their land had been unethically grabbed. Onassis replied: "You don't force with money, you seduce with it."

Daniel Ford

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It's Cold in that Phone Booth

A flurry of disclosures in recent days shows that the Bell Telephone system still puts the demands of government investigators ahead of the rights of its subscribers to the privacy of their communications. The American Telephone & Telegraph Co. has revealed that its operating company in Washington, The Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Co., secretly gave copies of its toll call records for at least four Washington newspaper bureaus to government agents. In three cases—the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Knight Newspapers and Jack Anderson—the records were obtained by the FBI in 1971, evidently in connection with the investigation of the leaking and publication of the Pentagon papers. The government has confirmed that that is the reason it wanted records of the *Post-Dispatch* calls.

In the fourth case the Internal Revenue Service on January 14, 1974 was given the records for all long-distance calls made from the Washington bureau of *The New York Times* for the seven preceding months. The *Times* offered no guess as to why the IRS wanted its records, but David Rosenbaum, a *Times* reporter named in an IRS administrative summons, said a possible explanation was that he had been checking reports that the IRS was investigating a large contributor to President Nixon's reelection campaign for a possible criminal violation. The IRS later explained that it was investigating a possible leak about a tax case of a *Times* reporter.

Toll call records are a useful investigative tool. For although they tell nothing of the substance of a phone conversation, they can help identify contacts and asso-

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ciates and, in the case of a news bureau, confidential sources of information. From the point of view of the telephone subscriber, however, several things are wrong with divulging the records.

In the first place the investigators use a "blunderbuss technique," as was pointed out by Lloyd N. Cutler, attorney for the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, which had asked AT&T in December on behalf of three dozen newsmen whether their telephone records had been furnished to law enforcement agencies in the last five years. Cutler noted that the IRS obtained records of some 2500 calls from the *Times* bureau presumably in an effort to see if the telephone number of one IRS employee showed up. The *Times* threatened suit against the IRS, but within 24 hours the agency turned the *Times* record back to the telephone company.

The FBI got toll call records for more than three months for telephones of the *Post-Dispatch* bureau and for my own home, six months for the Knight Newspapers and one month for Jack Anderson.

A second abuse is that the investigator's demand for a search and seizure goes to the telephone company, not to the telephone subscriber. He has no opportunity to protect himself because he knows nothing about the secret inquiry until afterward, if at all.

Finally although federal law permits even the interception of telephone messages under subpoena, as well as the billing records of the calls, as a practical matter these subpoenas are a sham. Justice Department officials said that the subpoena for the *Post-Dispatch* records, signed by the US district court for Massachusetts, probably followed the common practice: an assistant US attorney has on hand a supply of pre-signed blank subpoena forms and merely fills one out without further action by the court. This appears to be a violation of the Fourth Amendment's guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure: "No warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

Associate Justice Lewis F. Powell, Jr., of the US Supreme Court, in deciding a 1972 wiretap case, said that, "where practical, a governmental search and seizure should represent both the efforts of the officer to gather evidence of wrongful acts and the judgment of the magistrate that the collected evidence is sufficient to justify the invasion of a citizen's private premises or conversation." Justice William O. Douglas, concurring, recalled an 18th-century decision by an English judge who said that "to enter a man's house by virtue of a nameless warrant, in order to procure evidence, is worse than the Spanish Inquisition."

There are indications that the telephone company is giving ground. AT&T has been most accommodating in revealing these examples of having secretly furnished toll call records to the FBI and the IRS. While declining for the present to agree to give advance notice to news organizations of future subpoenas, AT&T said it would do so if a new law or judicial ruling protected it against charges of obstruction of justice or discriminating in favor of a particular group of subscribers. However last June the Southern New England Telephone Co. seemed to have no worry about possible charges of discrimination. Responding to a complaint by the Connecticut Civil Liberties Union that toll call data were being furnished the law enforcement agencies merely on request, it said it had decided in the future to insist on subpoenas when the requests involved attorneys, psychiatrists, priests "or other persons who normally have privileged relationships with their clients, patients or parishioners."

Kelley E. Griffith, chief of the domestic rates division of the Federal Communication Commission's Common Carrier Bureau, says he has spoken with AT&T and been assured by a company officer that it was thinking of changing its policy both to require a subpoena and also to arrange to give notice to the subscriber before releasing toll call records. Griffith says he would welcome a change in policy but would like to see the law tightened as well.

The reporters' committee has decided to sue AT&T, partly in an effort to force the company to give advance notice before obeying a subpoena but also to open the door for a discovery procedure to find out how often it has been giving out newsmen's toll records informally without requiring a subpoena. The committee has invited other reporters and news bureaus to join in the inquiry. While the reporters plan to sue under the First Amendment guarantee of freedom of the press, Fourth Amendment considerations of the right to privacy make the problem of telephone records more than just a press problem. But by narrowing its case the reporters' group will avoid the more difficult tactical ground of a class action.

Back in June of 1971 after the *Times* had begun publishing excerpts from the Pentagon papers, the *Post-Dispatch* and other newspapers began to dig frantically for a source for the documents. Inquiries by the *Post-Dispatch*, which were successful, were partly by telephone, and even in those days it seemed wise to protect sources by making calls by prearrangement to pay phones. Those pay-phone numbers showed up on the billing slips given to the FBI and, of course, provided no clues to who took the calls. It has been said that government surveillance of the press has a "chilling effect" on the gathering of news. It can be literally chilling to stand in a telephone booth on a windswept street corner to avoid the eyes and ears of Big Brother.

Richard Dudman

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The Nixon Watch

Travels with Jerry

Vice President Gerald Ford was near the end of a long day of travel in Michigan, raising money for the state and national Republican party, when he briefly addressed some 6000 scoutmasters, den mothers and other adult leaders and supporters of the Boy Scouts of America in the Detroit area. The sight of several thousand grown men in Boy Scout uniforms, dining with their ladies and a smattering of actual Boy Scouts in Cobo Hall, a cavernous community center in Detroit, didn't faze Gerald Ford. The occasion pleased and stimulated him. It inspired remarks that seemed to me to tell more about the kind of man he is and the kind of man who soon could be President of the United States than anything he said at three press conferences, three receptions and a $100-a-plate dinner.

After Gov. William G. Milliken of Michigan introduced Ford as "a former Eagle Scout," the Vice President told how he attained that eminence during his youth in Grand Rapids and failed to earn the highest of three decorations that are open to zealous Eagle Scouts. The quoted words, condensed here for clarity but not otherwise altered, communicate the feel of the occasion only if you imagine the man erect and stolid at the microphones, speaking in his customarily flat and earnest tone, framing what he said to suit his hearers but doing it with an air of total sincerity. He said: "In 1925, at the age of 12, I became a tenderfoot. Over a period of several months I gradually moved up the ladder and finally I was lucky enough to get to be an Eagle Scout and went on with the other efforts but never got that last, final thing. I got involved in athletics and never finally made the one thing I really wanted (that third and highest decoration). But the point is that with the help of my mother, my father, my scoutmaster, I and a group of us who joined scouting in September of 1925 really moved ahead in a great, great movement. Without any hesitation or qualification or reservation, I can say that to whatever extent I have been lucky or successful, scouting has contributed significantly. The people who guided me had a significant impact on me and I cherish those many moments at Boy Scout meetings and at various other activities. I know of no other movement that has as great an impact for good as the Boy Scouts of America." Amid thunderous applause, the Vice President proceeded from that hall to another Cobo cave where 1200 souls had paid $100 apiece for a plate of soggy meat loaf and the privilege of hearing him say that "the prophets of doom and gloom" and "the devils of doubt and despair" are not going to bring down either Richard Nixon or Republican candidates in 1974.

Ford had survived nine weeks in the vice presidency in what appeared to be good shape and spirits, despite some petty irritations. He was having more trouble than was generally known in getting approval of the size of staff that he thought he'd need. His office next door to the White House, as distinct from his smaller Capitol Hill office, was budgeted for 30 positions, the level to which the departed H. R. Haldeman had cut Spiro Agnew from a previous total of 40 in late 1972. Ford's staff chief, a former reporter named Robert Hartmann, wanted about 10 more, several of them in high-salaried (over $30,000) slots. He had to appeal to the President's staff chief, Gen. Alexander Haig, from the ruling of the Office of Management and Budget that 30 people at a cost of $625,000 in fiscal 1975 were all the new Vice President needed. Five clerks and secretaries who were helping Spiro Agnew in his transition from glory to hell were being paid from what was now Gerald Ford's 1974 budget, a fact that did not enthuse his assistants. Ford persuaded L. William Seidman, a friend, accountant, attorney and banker from the Vice President's home town of Grand Rapids, to join the staff as a consultant and analyze the probable needs. The operation being as modest as it is, the thought occurred to me that Seidman might be surveying the White House set-up and preparing to advise Ford on his staff requirements just in case he succeeded President Nixon. Seidman was so thoroughly startled and shaken when I broached this thought to him that I had to conclude that he indeed was aboard only for 60 days or so and was solely concerned with the vice presidential staff. "No way, no way!," he all but shouted when I asked him about it.

Some reporters and commentators made overly much in mid-January of the rumor that Nixon assistants had gulled and goaded Ford into denouncing "the AFL-CIO, the Americans for Democratic Action and other powerful pressure groups" for "stretching out the ordeal of Watergate for their own purposes" and "waging a massive propaganda campaign against the President." It seemed to many people, including influential Republicans, that Ford had foolishly impaired his stature and usefulness by excessive identification of himself with the President and his plight. Dark assumptions were drawn from the disclosure that two Nixon writers, David Gergen and Aram Bakshian, drafted the incendiary speech. Bakshian, the principal drafter, did write into the speech language close to that used by Ford in the quoted passage. But Bakshian did it at the suggestion of Robert Hartmann and Paul Miltich, Ford's press spokesman, and Ford himself toughened the passage up. Hartmann tried to hire Bakshian away from the President's staff before this happened. Bakshian declined the offer. One experienced political ghoster, Milton Friedman, has joined up as a Ford speech writer and a second writer is being sought. Gergen, the chief Nixon writer, understands that his and his staff's help will

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continue to be requested and welcomed now and then.

Vice President Agnew had a plane and crew permanently assigned to him from the air force's VIP "Special Mission" fleet of five Boeing 707s, five other and less opulent four-jet transports, 11 twin-engine Lockheed Jetstars and two twin-engine Turbo-prop Convairs. Two of the 707s are assigned to the President. Whichever of them he uses is Air Force One when he's on it. Except for very special journeys, Vice Presidents and such get Jetstars and Convairs. Ford gets one of them on request, but not always the same plane and crew. He got a Convair for the Michigan trip. It seats 35, cruises at 300 knots and—this being a political trip—cost the Republican National Committee $662 per hour for about six hours in the air plus a minimum charge of $1324 (two hours' air time). If Ford had used a 707 the committee would have had to pay $1701 per hour. The committee will recover several hundred dollars of the Convair's cost from the one writing reporter, three broadcasters, one TV producer and three TV camera crewmen who accompanied Ford. Agnew usually traveled with a posse of assistants. Ford took only one assistant, Paul Miltich, with him to Michigan.

The fact that I'm running out of space and quoting very little of what Ford said in Kalamazoo, Saginaw and Detroit deprives the public of practically nothing that it needs to know. More hecklers than friends greeted Ford at the dedication of a local party headquarters in Saginaw. He received their boos and signs ("Bury My Heart at Watergate") with cool indifference and said of other hecklers in Detroit: "Oh, I always look at them. I appreciate the right that they have to picket me and I equally have the right to disagree with them." He said at each press conference, as he's said again and again, that he has no intention of running for the presidency in 1976. When he was asked whether that would be true if he succeeded Mr. Nixon before 1976, he replied that "I don't like to speculate on something that I don't think is going to happen." Although he'd been told that he invited a suspicion that he was afraid he'd find evidence against the President if he read the transcripts of taped White House conversations connected with Watergate, he persisted in saying he refused to do it because "if I was so disposed, which I am not, I might utilize that information for my own personal benefit" and in a way that could "adversely affect the President."

Ford said over and over in Kalamazoo, Saginaw and Detroit that 1973 was "a pretty good year" for the Nixon administration and the Republican party and that Republicans ought to be grateful to Richard Nixon rather than leery of him and his expected impact on the 1974 elections. The Vice President's Michigan friends hoped to raise $500,000 at the three receptions ($1000 per couple) and the dinner. They grossed $270,000.

John Osborne

China: What the Squabbling's About

Political gales are again blowing across China, but their direction is unclear. Is a fresh cultural revolution in the offing, as several Western correspondents in Hong Kong are forecasting? Are the radical elements that convulsed China in the mid-1960s about to go on another rampage, and if so, who is inspiring them? How much control do Premier Chou En-lai and his moderate supporters exercise? What role is the army playing? To what degree is Mao Tse-tung still active and in which direction is he steering events? As is often the case in trying to assess the Chinese scene, questions outnumber answers. It is apparent, though, that China is by no means as stable as foreign visitors have been claiming, and the uncertainties are likely to affect its new relations with the West.

From all reports the atmosphere today recalls early 1966 when Mao was maneuvering to uncork millions of Red Guards and other young militants in his drive to overthrow the entrenched Communist party apparatus. Now, as then, students are assailing the school system as "bourgeois." One campaign was started last summer by a youth in the northeastern province of Liaoning who objected to university entrance examinations on the grounds that they penalize the less educated children of peasants and workers, and thereby disfavor the proletariat. Other youths in Shanghai are using the same argument to legitimize copying from their comrades—"exchanging opinions" they call it—during tests. A radio broadcast from the southern province of Kwangsi resurrects a familiar theme of the Cultural Revolution by proclaiming a "people's war" against the "old ideology, culture, customs and habits of the exploiting classes," and a local newspaper has revived the slogan "rebellion is justified," which the Red Guards once shouted as they rampaged against the authorities. A similar dictum of the Cultural Revolution—"without destruction there can be no construction".—is also being invoked, and another indication of possible turbulence is reflected in the return of wall posters impugning alleged political miscreants. Meanwhile the campaign that began last summer to repudiate Confucius, whose concepts are the core of Chinese philosophy, goes on.

Some analysts perceive a renewed xenophobic trend as well in the fact that Peking propagandists are attacking classical Western composers like Beethoven and Schubert as representative of "petty bourgeois" culture. The other day, for the first time since it opened last May, the Chinese Liaison Office in Washington sent a select number of diplomats, scholars and journalists the reprint of a *People's Daily* article denouncing the Italian movie director Michelangelo Antonioni for "distorting" China in a film he pro-

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duced two years ago. By distributing the article abroad, the Chinese appear to be warning foreigners who hope to visit China that what they consider hostile criticism will not be tolerated. Another Westerner under attack is the American scholar Owen Lattimore, an early target of Joseph McCarthy and Chou En-lai's guest in late 1972, who is now branded a "reactionary historian" and an "international spy."

But matching these manifestations of a radical recrudescence are many signs that Chou En-lai's moderate faction is still predominant. A few weeks ago, for example, the old Communist party bureaucrat Teng Hsiao-ping, who reappeared last spring after having been purged during the Cultural Revolution, was taken back into the Politburo and may now be the most powerful figure in China after Mao and Chou. The country's regional military commanders would not have been reshuffled to new posts, as they were at the beginning of the year, if Chou and his colleagues feared a serious attempt by the leftists to assert themselves. It is equally hard to imagine that Chou would have returned the American captured during China's recent island war with South Vietnam were his government under strong pressure from extremists. In my estimation much of the seemingly radical rhetoric emanating from the Chinese these days is, in reality, directed against the radicals.

The denunciations of Beethoven, for instance, sound like the voice of the dogmatists, but underlying them is an episode that may explain their real significance. Last September, when Eugene Ormandy was touring China with the Philadelphia Orchestra, he was asked to play Beethoven's Sixth Symphony ("The Pastorale") by Mao's wife Chiang Ching, the termagant of the Cultural Revolution and still the idol of the radicals. Ormandy had not brought the music with him, but she sent an airplane from Peking to Shanghai to fetch a somewhat frayed score, and the orchestra performed the work. Thus the attacks against Beethoven may be an esoteric attack against Chiang Ching and her radical backers, rather than an obvious assault against Western culture. Similarly, a careful reading of the diatribe against Antonioni may mean that he is being used as a surrogate target for the radicals. The *People's Daily* article describes him as a "counter-revolutionary" posing as a "leftist," which is the label customarily pinned by the moderates on their adversaries. He is also charged with attempting to "fan up dissatisfaction among the Chinese people," another accusation leveled against the volatile radicals. And, among other things, the article affirms that "history cannot be turned back"—an assertion by the moderates that the Cultural Revolution is finished. The offensive against Confucius appears as well to be directed against the radicals, since it obliquely assails those who are striving to restore the power of leftist officials who came to the fore during the Cultural Revolution and have since been dismissed.

I am inclined to conclude from all this that the radicals, though noisier than they have been in years, are essentially on the defensive as Chou En-lai and his group intensify their efforts to prevent new upheavals. The radicals sustained a setback at the Communist party congress last fall, when Chiang Ching and Yao Wen-yuan, figures who had soared into prominence during the Cultural Revolution, were downgraded. Another radical, the young Shanghai activist Wang Hung-wen, was promoted at the Congress, but his elevation appears to have been a compromise to placate the leftists and he has probably been eclipsed since then by Teng Hsiao-ping, the old party stalwart. Mao's position in this situation is, as usual, vague. At 80 he no longer manages China's day-to-day affairs, but, like a detached deity, hands down ambiguous directives that are open to diverse interpretations. One belief he has always held is that struggle in itself purifies the bureaucracy, and I would guess he is encouraging the present tension with that in mind. In one realm, however, Mao's attitude is unequivocal: he passionately distrusts and detests the Soviet Union. As long as he lives, therefore, the chances are good that China will maintain its links with the US and other Western nations as a way of counterbalancing the Kremlin.

But because of internal squabbles, the Chinese leaders apparently feel that they cannot keep up the momentum of cultural, athletic, journalistic and other exchanges that followed their switch to "ping pong diplomacy" three years ago. It was reported in these pages not long ago that a delegation of Chinese doctors who had visited the US came under a cloud back in Peking for having praised some aspects of American medicine. More recently a longstanding plan for the Paris Symphony Orchestra to tour China was canceled and other such trips, including one by Sen. Henry Jackson, are being delayed. These moves suggest that the moderates who run foreign policy are seeking to minimize contacts with foreigners in order to deprive the more chauvinistic radicals of nationalistic ammunition. It does not signify that a rupture of the Sino-American link is imminent, though it is reasonable to guess that the excessively euphoric relationship between the US and China that stemmed from President Nixon's visit to Peking is over.

Stanley Karnow

COMING: Peter Steinfels discusses Marya Mannes' idea of a good death

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Making the Unthinkable Thinkable

Arms Jitters

by Peter J. Ognibene

When Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger went before the Senate Armed Services Committee on February 5, he said, "This is the first budget in a decade or more that does not provide for the support of US forces in combat." That was odd, for unlike the peacetime budgets that followed World War II and Korea, the Pentagon will be taking more, not less, of the national treasury. For fiscal 1975 the Department of Defense has requested budget authority totaling $93 billion; its actual outlays for 1975 are expected to be $86 billion. By contrast last year the Pentagon requested budget authority of $85 billion for FY1974 and estimated outlays at $79 billion. The new defense budget, then, is a sizable jump above this year's, and the Pentagon anticipates it will climb higher. In August 1972 Leonard Sullivan, the principal deputy director of Defense research and engineering, said "our best guesstimate of future expenditures [is] . . . a $112 billion budget by 1980." The Nixon administration now projects $111 billion for defense outlays in 1979. In other words the timetable for spending has been speeded up a year.

Secretary Schlesinger said he would "offer no apologies" for the size of the defense budget. Nonetheless the Pentagon and its allies have launched a propaganda blitzkrieg to sell the budget to an inflation-burdened electorate. In spite of the agreements limiting nuclear weapons signed with the Soviet Union in 1972, the Pentagon again emphasized an inflated Soviet threat. Adm. Thomas Moorer, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, warns Congress of "the obvious and destabilizing momentum of the USSR strategic force build-up" that "could place the United States in a position of strategic inferiority in the foreseeable years ahead." Some normally skeptical journalists seem to have taken that message to heart. For instance columnist Joseph Kraft wrote in a recent article: "Given the way the Russians behave and the run-down in American military stocks over the past few years, there is a powerful case for a big increase in defense spending this year." The assertion had no supporting analysis.

Schlesinger is looking forward to a "serious national debate" on strategic weapons and the defense budget. There ought to be, for many questions need to be answered. Where *does* the United States stand *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union in strategic weapons? Is the US likely to accelerate an arms race by boosting its defense spending? Is there a new and growing Soviet threat? What is the purpose of Soviet weapons now under development? And do we need more military "bargaining chips" in order to negotiate safely with the USSR?

The Soviet Union has always spent heavily on military research, building competing prototypes but limiting production to relatively few of the successful models. While the United States has also invested great amounts in research, since World War II we have seldom built competing prototypes; it is thought by the military to be too expensive. Competition among American defense contractors for a new fighter or missile generally ends at the conceptual stage. Thereafter research and development are *directed* toward production of the chosen concept. One can debate which approach is best. On the one hand, a concentrated effort in the late 1950s gave the United States a decisive lead in ballistic-missile submarines; a similar concentration in the late 1960s resulted in our current technological lead in multiple, independently targetable reentry vehicles (MIRVs). On the other hand by building competing prototypes, the Soviet Union tests the actual hardware before making a commitment to production. This more conservative approach is designed to avoid such costly debacles as the C-5A. Hence one cannot assume that Soviet research and development on a particular item will necessarily be followed by production of that item. This is precisely what the Pentagon often does assume, however, in assessing the Soviet threat.

Take the military's changing assessment of the new Soviet bomber, the Backfire. Three years ago Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird warned Congress that the Soviets had a "new swing-wing bomber under development estimated to have intercontinental range capability." The following year Laird said there was only a "probability" the plane had "a capability for in-flight refueling" that would allow it to "reach virtually all US targets." In 1973 Laird's successor, Elliot Richardson, backed away further and said that "the weight of evidence favors the view that it is best suited for peripheral attack" (*viz.*, against China). Although Adm. Moorer now admits he is "uncertain" whether the Backfire will be used for intercontinental or peripheral missions, he nevertheless asserts: "We anticipate that it will be assigned both roles." The Soviet bomber has not changed, but the Pentagon's

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assessment has gone back and forth on whether or not it is a threat to the United States. Is this the result of new intelligence estimates or is the military using the bomber for scare purposes?

The Pentagon currently seems most concerned with four new Soviet missiles that are being tested, designated SS-X-16 through 19. Schlesinger characterized the SS-X-17 and 19 as "possible follow-ons to the SS-11. If that inference is correct, they would choose between the two." (The Soviet Union has 970 SS-11s: a "light" ICBM similar to the US Minuteman.) The SS-X-16 missile could be a replacement for the SS-11 or SS-13 (another "light" ICBM), or, Schlesinger speculated, it "could be the basis for deployment of mobile missiles." The SS-X-18 is a "heavy" ICBM that could replace the much-feared SS-9. (The Russians have 60 SS-13s and 303 SS-9s.) "A corollary of these significant new missiles programs," said Moorer, "is the parallel construction and modification of hardened silos, capable of surviving appreciably higher overpressures and ground shocks." A longer-range (4200 miles) submarine-launched ballistic missile is being deployed on some (three so far) Soviet submarines. Moorer cited other Soviet missile programs, but these were the most significant. How "destabilizing" and "aggressive" are they?

With the introduction of MIRVs, the Soviet SS-X-18, which Schlesinger estimated can carry "at least six warheads," would be a potent addition to the Soviet ICBM force. If MIRVs were put on new "light" ICBMs, their firepower would approximate that of present US Minuteman ICBMs. The Soviets *could* begin their MIRV programs next year, but Schlesinger said it would be 1979 before they could have as many warheads on their ICBMs as we do now. He would not predict when or if the Soviets would put MIRVs on their SLBMs. The hardening of Soviet missile silos, rather than a threatening, is a stabilizing move, because it implies the Soviet Union is increasing the survivability of its missiles so they could be used in a *second* strike. A nation planning to launch a first strike would buy more "soft," above-ground missiles. Similarly the longer-range SLBM, the SS-N-8, is a stabilizing weapon, because it allows Soviet submarines a larger expanse of ocean within which to operate. With shorter-range missiles, the fear of detection close to US waters would give the Soviet Union an added incentive to shoot first.

"In contrast to the Soviet Union's dramatic program," Moorer has told Congress, "ongoing US initiatives in the strategic arena are modest and deliberate." With MIRV warheads being deployed on Minuteman III ICBMs and Poseidon SLBMs at the rate of three *a day*, that is an understatement. *Our* ICBM silos are also being hardened (a stabilizing move), but "a Command Data Buffer system is being installed to permit the rapid remote retargeting of Minuteman III missiles." (The key word "rapid" is not further defined.) If this system is linked to reconnaissance satellites that can detect Soviet missile silos and other military targets that have not been destroyed, "rapid remote retargeting" might be perceived by the Soviets as another step by us toward a first-strike posture. Moorer claims "these improvements are designed to increase further the survivability, flexibility and responsiveness of our Minuteman force." The Russians may see them as "destabilizing" and "aggressive."

The United States is not standing still. The Defense Department is asking for $9.3 billion for research, development, testing and evaluation in FY1975: up one billion dollars from this year's request. The emphasis is largely on new strategic systems:

- ► Navy and air force cruise missiles will get $125 million: a 10-fold increase over this year's budget.
- ► Research funds for a new ICBM have gone from $4.2 million to $37.3 million.
- ► $16 million will be spent on research for a new class of submarines (Narwhal) smaller than the 24-missile Trident now being built.
- ► An improved guidance system for Minuteman III warheads could cut in half their circular error probable (a measure of accuracy: the radius of a circle in which half the warheads would fall).
- ► A maneuvering reentry vehicle (MARV) is being developed for the Trident C-4 SLBM. The ostensible purpose of MARVs is to avoid a Soviet ABM, but they could also be designed to improve warhead accuracy.

Secretary Schlesinger insists that the US is not seeking a first-strike capability, and that many of these projected weapons are "bargaining chips": "I am proposing a number of research and development programs which would enable us to respond in kind in order to maintain the delicate balance of deterrence, should the Soviets decide to deploy a more efficient counterforce capability than they now deploy." It is a familiar pattern. We increase our arms not because of what the Soviets actually have, but in anticipation of what they *might eventually* have. When the Soviet Union does likewise, the Pentagon sounds the alarm and asks for still more. Far from being an inducement to arms control, such "bargaining chips" are more likely to fuel the action-reaction cycle characteristic of the arms race.

From the standpoints of strategy and economy, there is little to recommend most of the Pentagon's new strategic programs. A smaller submarine would be less costly than the gigantic Trident, and the consequently larger fleet of Narwhals would be harder to detect, thus adding to the stability of deterrence. Improving missile accuracy *would* seriously upset the strategic balance. Schlesinger, however, believes we need to have "selective strategic options" so that, in the event of a nuclear attack, the President "has an option other than the option . . . which concentrates

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on [Soviet] cities and which therefore carries in its wake the notion of the inevitable destruction of American cities." This is the notion of "controlled" nuclear war, a notion that is both unpalatable to our European allies and highly iffy. The strategy necessary to achieve it would inevitably make nuclear war *less* unthinkable.

For over a decade nuclear deterrence has rested on the premise of "mutual assured destruction." Because both the United States and Soviet Union would have sufficient nuclear forces after a surprise attack to inflict "unacceptable damage" on the attacker, each is deterred from striking first. Deterrence is strengthened when each side believes the attacker will ultimately fare no better than the defender. Because deterrence is predicated on the leaders of both sides taking due regard for their national self-interest, the burden is clearly on the attacker.

Schlesinger has turned this proposition around—wrongly, in my view—and assumed the burden of deterrence is now on the defender. He suggests that because both sides possess "invulnerable second-strike forces, it is inevitable . . . that the employment by one side of its forces against the cities of the other side in an all-out strike will immediately bring a counterattack against its own cities." The unmistakable inference is that because an all-out attack is unthinkable, a limited attack has become more likely. Hence he believes we should have more accurate weapons so we can better fight a nuclear war.

Although each of the "major powers [has] an effective, secure, second-strike capability" and "neither side is in a position to disarm the other," sufficiency is apparently not enough; Schlesinger wants "essential equivalence." "We cannot," he says, "allow the Soviets unilaterally to obtain a counterforce option we ourselves lack. We must have a symmetrical balancing of forces on both sides." While nuclear theoreticians can devise precise escalatory steps, the distinctions between them would probably vanish once nuclear weapons were actually used and millions of Americans, Europeans or Russians were killed by blast and fallout. By declaring in advance that we might respond to a "limited" attack with one of several "selective strategic options," Schlesinger has made crossing the nuclear threshold more plausible.

Nuclear deterrence is, at root, psychological: what the Soviet Union *believes* we will do is as important as what we are capable of doing. To maximize deterrence of nuclear war, the Soviet Union ought to believe that any intentional attack on the United States will lead to a retaliatory strike resulting in "unacceptable damage" to the Soviet Union. If the Soviet Union were nevertheless to make a first strike of less than all-out proportions, deterrence would have failed, and the size and character of a retaliatory attack would *then* have to be weighed against its probable consequences. This would not require more accurate weapons. With 7000 nuclear warheads on land- and sea-based missiles, 500 strategic bombers and 7000 tactical nuclear weapons in Europe, the United States has forces of sufficient size and diversity to destroy one or several hundred Soviet targets. The Pentagon's new strategic programs will add little to that power.

The Navy and the Poachers

Oil Underground

by Eliot Marshall

Since 1912 the government has been the guardian of several of the most oil-rich parcels of land in the United States, set aside originally as an emergency fuel supply for the navy, and now considered a national oil bank in the navy's keeping. The reserves are in Elk Hills and Buena Vista Hills, California (created in 1912), Teapot Dome, Wyoming (1915), and an unnamed fourth area in Alaska known as "NPR-4" (1923). Over the years these holdings have shot up in value, not just because oil prices have gone up but because other fields have been drained, new testing methods have improved estimates of what they contain and new drilling techniques make it possible to retrieve more than before. Elk Hills, which was known from the start to be rich in its shallow oil zone, was later found extremely rich in the next lower zone, the "Stevens sands." The government estimates there are at least 1.3 billion barrels of oil in Elk Hills, and there are three

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oil-bearing zones beneath the Stevens sands that haven't been fully tested. Estimates of the current worth of all the naval reserves range from a minimum of $14 billion to a high of $340 billion.

This oil wealth has been a problem for the government and a constant temptation to oil drillers. The most famous scandal (before Watergate) in American history involved the navy reserves. In 1921 President Harding's Secretary of the Navy Edwin Denby transferred control of them to the Interior Department, and Secretary of the Interior Albert Fall secretly and swiftly leased out Teapot Dome to Harry Sinclair and Elk Hills to Edward Doheny. The Senate eventually uncovered the deal, brought the miscreants to justice and turned over evidence to the Supreme Court, which canceled the leases in 1927. After the Harding scandals, Congress wisely decided that any future opening of the reserves would have to be approved by the House and Senate Armed Services Committees and by the entire Congress. It also gave exclusive jurisdiction over the reserves to the navy: not even the Secretary of Defense now has authority to overrule the navy's petroleum office. But the oil companies have not forgotten the naval reserves, and today are on the verge of winning legally what couldn't be bought with bribes in the '20s.

To understand how the navy has been losing oil from its reserves for the last 15 years, one must first understand that drilling a hole in an oil field has the effect of starting a liquid "landslide"; pressure imbalances are created that make it necessary to drain the oil in a continuous flow until the field runs dry. Otherwise much of it would seep away and be lost. Next, a legal point. When a common oil pool underlies two pieces of property and one landowner sinks a well and begins pumping, there is very little the other owner can do in retaliation. All he can do is sink an "offset well" on his own side of the fence and begin pumping furiously. In this game it counts to be fast on the draw. A final point involves "secondary recovery." In a field that has given up most of its oil, the last remaining barrels can often be squeezed out by sinking water injection wells around the edges and flooding out what's left. However this can damage a good field. Again, the only recourse for someone whose field is being flooded is to sink his own wells and pump out water as fast as his neighbor pumps it in.

Because oil fields are so sensitive to what happens around them, the Interior Department established one-mile buffer zones around all the naval reserves in 1938. The Bureau of Land Management was told not to lease any land in the zones to oil and gas prospectors, and the Geological Survey was told not to permit any drilling within 200 feet of a reserve. But the new law didn't stop prospectors from nibbling away at the edges. Leases and drilling permits were let in the buffer zones just the same, at least five of doubtful authority in Elk Hills and two in Teapot Dome.

The Interior Department didn't warn the navy, which was quite surprised in 1962 when oil prospectors began sinking wells in the buffer zone of Elk Hills. The director of the petroleum office wired the Interior Department in January 1963 to find out what had happened and order a halt. The explanation he got was foggy: the Bureau of Land Management claimed that the navy had given it "blanket authority" to offer leases within the buffer zone in a letter written in 1955. But the letter cited was a routine note on the handling of old leases at Buena Vista, making no reference to "blanket authority" or buffer zones at other reserves. All it said was, "Please be advised that leases or renewal of leases for lands previously approved by the Department of the Navy may be made without reference to this office." The navy revoked the blanket authority it was alleged to have given but couldn't persuade Interior to cancel the leases next to its oil field. Instead the navy was forced to drill offset wells and pump oil that was seeping out of the reserve.

In 1965, at Teapot Dome this time, the Geological Survey allowed the drilling of eight water injection wells within 50 feet of the reserve, over navy protests. As the drilling continued the navy decided it had no choice but to sink 18 offset wells and drain off water that appeared to threaten the reserve.

In 1964 the naval reserve at Elk Hills was tapped again. Because 20 percent of the property in the reserve was held by Standard of California (Socal) when the navy took over the area, Socal and the navy made a special agreement for joint exploitation. This "unit plan" allowed Socal to keep its property rather than turn it over to the navy. By terms of the contract, the navy and Socal share production costs and proceeds on a proportional split of roughly 80 percent for the navy and 20 percent for Socal. The unit plan also allows the navy to go to court, "condemn" and seize any land next to the reserve if the navy can show that there is "substantial drainage" of oil into the area.

Over the navy's objections, Socal sank two wells in a section of land just outside the reserve in February 1964 and began the old process of sucking oil from under the property line. The navy asked Socal to stop. Socal refused. The navy sank offset wells and with the help of the Justice Department took Socal to court in 1967. The navy lost the case in 1972 and still waits for a decision on an appeal filed last year. In the meantime Socal pumps away on its side of the line, and the navy pumps away on the other. Because of drilling by Socal and others in this area, the navy has removed about 9.7 million barrels of oil (or about 94 percent of the pool) from this small field.

The story is more complex though. The navy needed someone to run the Elk Hills reserve, and the company it chose was none other than Socal, because Socal owned one of two pipelines in the neighborhood. So when the navy is forced to drill offset wells at Elk

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Hills, naturally Socal provides the drilling. This arrangement keeps Socal busy and sometimes brings fresh oil to the market. In 1970 the navy asked for bids on the surplus oil coming out of Elk Hills; only two were accepted because only two of the bidders were considered large enough to handle the job. These were Socal and Shell. However only one pipeline runs into the reserve, the one owned by Socal. In order to bid in good faith, therefore, Shell first had to negotiate with Socal to determine what it would cost to ship oil through Socal's pipeline. By coincidence Shell and Socal tendered identical bids. The navy passed this information on to the antitrust division of the Justice Department and Justice passed it on to President Nixon. The President decided there was nothing amiss and signed a contract with Shell, which won the job finally by lot.

Then Socal undertook a new venture in Elk Hills last summer. In mid-July it sent five drilling rigs to a small square of land at the edge of the reserve bounded on three sides by navy property. As the drilling began Socal telephoned Washington to say that it was prospecting for oil: did the navy want to take a look? Yes, the navy did. The first well was a gusher. The second was another great success; so were the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth. Socal's little piece of land is now producing 15,000 to 16,000 barrels of low-sulfur crude a day. At current prices that comes to about $150,000 a day.

The navy couldn't stop the drilling immediately, so it began sinking its own offset wells. The first two were dry, but the third and fourth were successful and the fifth should be too. The latest navy tests show what might have been expected: Socal is draining oil from a pool that runs under navy property. The navy made several protests to Socal, the latest in January. Socal said it has no intention of stopping, and the navy has filed suit through the Justice Department to take Socal back to court. Meanwhile the navy will continue to drill and pump, though it would rather not. Who drills the navy's wells? Socal of course, at $450,000 a shot. Who will get the oil? Most will go to Socal; the surplus, if any, to Shell.

The game with the biggest stakes is being played in Alaska around the edges of a reserve the size of Indiana. With some help from navy research done in the '50s, the oil companies discovered huge deposits of oil and gas in Alaska, the largest of which is located on the North Slope about 50 miles from NPR-4 at Prudhoe Bay. Less famous are the rich fuel deposits that lie in the bed of the Colville River and Harrison Bay, both of which fall on the boundary between government reserve land and the rest of Alaska. The most optimistic guess is that there are 10 to 33 billion barrels of oil in the reserve, if these areas are counted. The Interior Department decided in 1958 to establish a wide restricted belt around the reserve before anyone knew how valuable it was: instead of a one-mile buffer zone, NPR-4 has a two-mile zone. But the extra margin was of little use, for the area was soon invaded as Teapot Dome and Elk Hills had been before.

The Interior Department and the Department of Defense agreed to give the state of Alaska a chunk of the two-mile buffer zone that runs along the northeast corner of NPR-4. The state wasted no time in leasing this property, and now the big oil companies are established there. Leases are held jointly by British Petroleum and Gulf (the heaviest investors), Mobil and Phillips, Texaco and Shell, and Occidental. Some of this land has been explored, but production has not begun.

Other leases have been handed out for lands the navy says are within its buffer zone, a charge the Interior Department disputes. The executive order creating NPR-4 described one boundary as the "western or right bank" of the Colville River. But the river meanders, and the right bank is very rarely the west bank. Interior therefore decided to ignore the term "right bank" and fix the boundary at its westernmost extreme, placing a large part of the valuable riverbed outside navy control, and indeed, outside the buffer zone. Later, when it discovered what had happened and when it realized it was losing some of the best portions of the reserve, the navy protested and won a ruling in 1969 by the solicitor of Interior, which in principle gave back the disputed area. Interior had already given out leases in the zone, and to avoid the legal hassle of taking them back, it pressured the solicitor's office to reverse the 1969 decision. Two years later the man who drafted the original ruling, Associate Solicitor Frederick Ferguson, wrote a new opinion reversing himself and endorsing the Interior Department's view. Navy and Interior are tied up in a similar fight over the northern boundary of NPR-4 over the meaning of "coastline" and "shoreline." If the navy loses, the oil and gas under Harrison Bay will be put up on the auction block. The two disputes must be settled administratively—either by the Justice Department or the White House—and no progress has been made.

Why do the oil companies fare so well in these encounters with the government? One fact to keep in mind is that President Nixon received $5.7 million in recorded contributions from oil industry executives in his last campaign (including $50,000 from Otto Miller, chairman of Socal and $89,000 from David Packard, former Deputy Secretary of Defense and member of Socal's board of directors). That alone may have tempered any commitment to keeping the reserves intact. Then, too, the Interior Department is hardly a disinterested party in the struggle: oil and gas men, not the navy, are Interior's important clients. Interior's inability to manage the oil monolith showed up last month, as it does so often, following an auction of public lands in Colorado. When it was over, *The Wall*

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Street Journal reported, Secretary of Interior Rogers Morton was surprised by the amount of money that had been thrown around. Morton "said the department was surprised by the $210 million bid recently for the lease to a tract of federal land containing oil-bearing shale. The bid, more than double what he expected, may prompt the department to look again at its methods of estimating the value of the public resources it leases to private companies."

Although the Office of Naval Petroleum Reserves has done a fair job of protecting the reserves from oil-hungry neighbors, navy and Defense Department higher-ups have not. Today there is the special case of Deputy Secretary of Defense William Clements, Jr. One of his achievements in 1973 was to create an Energy Task Group at Defense that issued a lengthy report last November with recommendations for future policy on fuels. Clements signed the memo, recommending among other things that the navy should "aggressively pursue" an "accelerated program" to bring private contractors into the Alaskan reserves. According to Clements and the energy council, contractors should be asked to explore, collect data and help the navy get rid of oil and gas reserves "which are in excess of defense requirements as defined by the Department of Defense."

With about $97 million worth of shares, William Clements is the chief stockholder of the Southeastern Drilling Company (SEDCO), a company over which his son B. Gill Clements presides. Though Clements did not give up his stocks, he did resign as chairman of the board so as to avoid a conflict of interest when he came to the Defense Department. SEDCO is an independent contractor that performs many of the tasks necessary to open a new oilfield: it drills offshore and onshore wells, builds pipelines and gives engineering advice. Its major customer is Shell, but it also has contracts, or pending contracts, with Texaco, Mobil, Mobil-Canada, Amerada Hess, BP, Continental, Socal and many others. It does business with the companies established at Prudhoe Bay and those next to NPR-4. SEDCO would like to work on the Alaska pipeline, and until a little more than a year ago, SEDCO had half-interest in a contract to build 63 miles of workroad along the route of the pipeline. The contract has since expired. Because of the small furor kicked up when columnist Jack Anderson printed the Clements' memo, Clements agreed to remove himself from "the decisional chain of command" on energy and later promised not to provide technical advice. But his work has already had an effect, and it may soon reappear in the form of a proposal by the military to hand over large areas of "excess reserve" to private operators.

What is Congress doing about the reserves? Sen. Mike Gravel (D, Alaska) would like to lease out the entire Alaskan reserve to private industry and has introduced a bill to that end. Rep. William Ketchum (R, Calif.), whose district includes Elk Hills, feels the same way and offered to lease his state's reserve to the industry last summer. Rep. John Melcher (D, Mont.) has introduced a bill that dignifies the process somewhat: he would ask the Interior Department to spend time studying the "suitability" of handing out various chunks of federal property before doing so. Last September the President asked Congress for immediate authority to open Elk Hills because of the energy crisis. Sen. Henry Jackson introduced a bill to accomplish just that (it passed), and Rep. Ketchum has done the same in the House. Opposition to this crisis-crazed trend is small: its leaders are Rep. Edward Hébert (D, La.), Rep. John Moss (D, Calif.) and Sen. Adlai Stevenson III (D, Ill.). Hébert doesn't believe in the oil shortage as advertised. To him it's not a national emergency and does not justify opening reserves that were set aside explicitly for use by the military in wartime. Because he is chairman of the Armed Services Committee, his opinion counts, and his opposition is all that stands in the way of opening Elk Hills to private industry. Moss and Stevenson are less interested in preserving the oil for the military than they are in keeping it out of the hands of profiteers. Stevenson has introduced a bill—a duplicate of which has been sponsored by Moss in the House—that would create a federal oil and gas corporation to survey federal lands and produce fuel from 20 percent of whatever the government puts up for lease. If anyone should exploit the known wealth of Alaska, this corporation should.

Both Moss and Stevenson have investigated the siphoning of navy oil and listened to a navy officer who quit his job recently because he couldn't stomach it any longer. Lt. Cdr. Kirby Brant, the second-ranking man in the oil reserve office, submitted his resignation on January 10 and told his friends that he wouldn't write "another lie" to support the Pentagon's new line. Speaking before a Senate committee last month, Brant said, "there are two wolves in this particular sheepfold, and the one from across the river [the Pentagon] wears sheep's clothing." He predicted that "the Office of Naval Petroleum Reserves will be asked repeatedly to provide technical assistance in aid of the effort to destroy the reserves the people in that office have dedicated their careers to protecting."

The Arab embargo happened once; it could happen again. From a self-interested point of view, the government should see that there is no advantage in draining American reserves before foreign resources have been drained—as the President would do in his "Project Independence"—for that will eventually make us truly dependent on outsiders. Holding some oil in the ground is the best way to prevent "blackmail by oil," the weapon so often denounced in press conferences. Congress should consider this before inviting the oil barons to enter the reserves.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Last Detail

(Columbia)

There's a kind of film that reveals its entire shape very early, with a cleverness that makes us both interested and wary. During such a picture the main question isn't "What happens next?" It's "Are they going to muff it?" Some examples, differently successful: *The Gunfighter, The African Queen, The Informer, Lifeboat, The Lost Patrol, The Defiant Ones.* Latest example: *The Last Detail.*

The script by Robert Towne is based on, and better than, the novel by Darryl Ponicsan. Two US Navy sailors, old pros, are assigned to escort a young sailor from the Norfolk, Virginia naval base to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The story deals with the three men in transit, and the moment you understand that, you see that this is going to be a symbolic film with overtones. The situation is far from new: innumerable Westerns have dealt with a marshal bringing back a prisoner to justice, the two men traveling through wilds and hostiles, facing danger together. But *The Last Detail* is better than most like it because the story is not so consciously abstracted and, chiefly, because the drama results from the struggle *not* to change, rather than building to some kind of rosy affirmation. This script ends exactly where it was headed from the beginning. Nothing is bettered. The real agon comes from the fact that, after temptations to go somewhere else, the script gets right back where it was heading—into reality, habit, fear and compliance. The result is not ironic; it's flatly truthful.

Jack Nicholson, of *Five Easy Pieces* and *Carnal Knowledge*, is the senior of the Shore Patrol duo. The other is a black actor named Otis Young, previously unknown to me. Their prisoner is Randy Quaid, a big fellow who has been seen before in small parts. Quaid plays a kleptomaniacal 18-year-old boy, insecure, apathetic, uncomplaining. He tried to steal a collection box containing $40—he didn't even get away with it. The collection was for polio, the pet charity of the admiral's wife. Quaid got an eight-year sentence, with a possible two years off for good behavior. The two old toughies have to take this kid to the prison and turn him over to begin this sentence.

Nicholson's first plan is to hustle the kid up to Portsmouth as quickly as possible, so that he and Young can have the rest of the allotted five days on their own. But the boy's continuous presence, the grotesqueness of his sentence, his incompetence to handle his life, his inexperience of practically everything, his puppy-like regard for his guards, all of these have a foreseen but nicely handled effect. Instead of rushing, Nicholson dallies. He obviously wants to give the boy something, some fun, some pleasantness, before he gets shut away. This of course includes first sex, in a Boston brothel. Young argues with Nicholson about his sentimentality. (In other language. The dialogue is, justly, very raunchy.) They either have to let the kid escape or turn him over, and they're not going to let him escape because that would mean *their* asses; so why all this silk wrapping? Why not just get it over with, without sops to their own nobility? But Nicholson insists, and Young, who really wants to do the same thing, agrees.

"Don't let it go pulpy," we keep hoping. Except for a contrived encounter with some Greenwich Village types engaged in Nichiren Shoshu chanting and some fisticuffs with marines that are right out of Paramount service comedies of the '30s, the script hews to its line. No one short of a beast could have responded less than these escorts; no one but fictional characters would have let the boy escape as a result of that response. They deliver him to prison at the end and walk away, chatting about what they're going to do before they get back to Norfolk. (An improvement over the novel, which has a long tediously ironic coda.) Responsibility, the script implies, is always elsewhere; the lower man bucks it to the higher, and the highest bucks it back to the lowest, en masse. This last is called duty to the corps or the service or the People.

A strong undercurrent of the script is the implication, not new but still true, that the armed forces are the career for you if you want to remain a boy. Substitute cokes for beer; eliminate sex, which is only one number on a program, an incidental chance for triumph or patronization; and you have three 12-year-olds on an outing with overeating and dormitory hijinks. A uniform, particularly for the lower ranks, is armor against growing up.

Jack Nicholson, tattooed, comes back. He was figuratively away in *The King of Marvin Gardens* and *A Safe Place;* here he has a part that is exactly right for him—a rough romantic, innately furious, frequently gentle but knowingly cruel. To cavil, the only thing wrong with his taking over this picture is that his role has been built for him to take over the picture. Aside from the faint air of virtuoso occasion, he and the role are perfect for each other, and together they galvanize the film.

As his sidekick Young is less effective. He's passable, but I was always conscious of his working; he lacks that last access of confidence in the medium, confidence that the camera will reach in and *get* the performance from him. Quaid, I thought at first, was not going to be good. But physically he reminded me of so many big country boys that I used to know, with spaces between their teeth (I don't mean missing teeth), his very lack of appeal contributed so much to his pathos that my reaction soon became that of his guards. Michael Moriarty, now so fine on Broadway in *Find Your Way Home*, has a nice bit as an uppity marine lieutenant.

The director was Hal Ashby, who made *Harold and Maude* and *The Landlord.* I saw only the latter and disliked its inflated cinema rhetoric. Here his work is hard, businesslike, clean. (But he ought to have watched the fellow-passengers on train and bus; they are strangely oblivious to the trio's broilings.) The opening credits are whipped past briskly to staccato drum rolls. (Military marches occasionally underpin matters—the only attempt at irony, and superfluous, I think.) At Ports-

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

The Exorcist. You've heard of it? Ugly as hell and just as scary.

The Mother and the Whore. Long, mostly interesting fix on Paris life today. Three people who seem to know they're in a film.

The New Land. If you have/have not seen *The Emigrants*, don't miss the second half of this Swedish-American epic. Truly large.

SK

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Never, Never Dull DeVoto

The Uneasy Chair by Wallace Stegner

(Doubleday; $12.50)

Among the least amiable tasks a biographer could set for himself must be that of writing the life of a man who was "flawed, brilliant, provocative, outrageous, running scared all his life, often wrong, often spectacularly right, always stimulating, sometimes infuriating"—who was also a close friend. To do so while the man's immediate family and many of his associates are alive is a measure of the biographer's courage. The tact and candor with which Wallace Stegner succeeds in bringing off this challenge is evidence of his professional skill.

Stegner acknowledges two factors that contributed to the successful conclusion of his difficult enterprise: Bernard DeVoto was "never, never dull" and his widow "Avis DeVoto has helped me promptly, efficiently, fully; she has corrected my errors and done her best to clarify my obscurities; she has dug into memories that had to be painful, and put herself cheerfully at the disposal of my book, and has trusted me." The trust of her generous collaboration has been fully justified by this honest and detailed account, fascinating in its richness, which is as personal as an autobiography and certainly more accurate.

DeVoto's surviving attempts to record his life are largely informed by fantasy. For example, in writing of it, he transformed an early friendship into an impossibly idealized romance. In describing his youth he liked to tell of his experience as a cowboy although no evidence supports the appealing myth. But perhaps this myth-making was a useful rehearsal of imagination that would provide the empathy necessary for the reconstructions of frontier life that are DeVoto's most important contribution to the social history of the United States.

In contrast to DeVoto's skillful exploitation of dramatic narrative in presenting the facts of history (an approach that led some rigidly academic critics to question the validity of the historical accounts), DeVoto for much of his life "stubbornly misread his gifts" by striving to be a novelist. Although fiction supplied a major source for income, even the most compassionate critic cannot acknowledge that DeVoto succeeded in producing novels of merit. This failure Stegner persuasively argues resulted in part from DeVoto's belief that "the fiction writer should be invisible," a paralyzing restriction for a man as opinionated as DeVoto. He imposed no such anonymity upon himself as historian and Stegner concludes that this may have been the reason for "the tentative, brittle unsatisfactoriness" of his novels and "the lusty authority" of his historical writing.

Behind the brittle novelist, the vigorous historian and the public spokesman who was ardent, intimidating and belligerent in debate, Stegner reveals a man besieged by private and sometimes crippling fear. When speaking of Freud, DeVoto also spoke from experience: "There is a noble and tragic poetry in his vision of man's journey deathward from childhood, beset by terrors whose shape and import are disguised from him, striving to discipline a primitive inheritance of delusion and rebellion into a livable accord with reality, striving to establish mastery over disruptive instincts, striving to achieve a social adaptation of anarchic drives." Inevitably there were times DeVoto succumbed to the intensity of his own conflict, but in large part he successfully used writing as a method for restraining terror: "Art is man determined to die sane." Perhaps the most useful form of art available to him and almost certainly the most entertaining for his wide reading public was the personal essay.

Unlike "the uneasy chair" of his emotions, a monthly column in *Harper's* provided a comfortable national forum where DeVoto could speak unhampered by any apparent doubt about his right or ability to prevail. Rather like Mark Twain, whose official editor he was from 1936 to 1946, DeVoto entered into any controversy with anger, irony, authority and zest on a range of topics few men would attempt and with prescience even fewer could hope to have supported by subsequent events.

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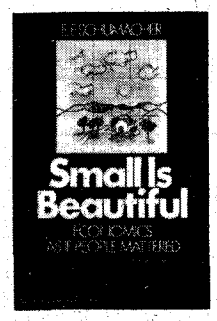

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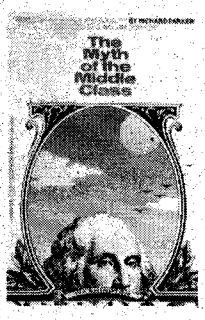

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brilliantly occupied *Harper's* "Easy Chair," he exploited his capacity for scornful irreverence toward the unworthy and a cherished regard for threatened values unequaled since H. L. Mencken's writing at the height of his power. Without trepidation DeVoto attacked Joseph McCarthy, censorship in any form, the exploitation of public lands and parks by private interests with the aid of an inattentive government. DeVoto's last years and fullest energies were devoted to crusading for the threatened heritage of the United States, thereby rallying public strength to protect the personal liberties and the natural resources which formed this country's strength. Stegner aptly characterizes DeVoto in this phase of his career as "hardheaded and softhearted, the nation's environmental conscience and liberty's watchdog."

For most of his life restricted to the periphery of an academic world he desperately wanted to join, DeVoto was forced to support a lavish style of life by endless commercial writing. Apparently no subject and no journal that would pay his price was unacceptable. He took pride in his ability to tackle any assignment, the mark he believed of a true professional, and accurately "described himself as a literary department store." The discipline and training imposed by years of such work developed DeVoto's resourceful literary style and breadth of imagination. Given his distrust of academic caution, insularity, and easy dependence upon foundation grants, there is an irony in his aspiration to enter a world whose traditions might well have dissipated the independence and passionate energy on which his final success was based.

In scrupulous and loving detail Stegner presents the development of a professional man whose career culminated in three triumphantly titled books—*The Year of Decision, Across the Wide Missouri* and *The Course of Empire*—which record a unified national dream now invisible. Only a resident counsellor as devoted and as stringent as Bernard DeVoto could aid this country in recovering the sense of spacious possibilities that dream provided.

Frederick Anderson

COMING

W. T. Lhamon, Jr.
writes on the Rolling Stones,
books and records

Recent Fiction

Spiks
by Pedro Juan Soto

(Monthly Review Press; $6.50)

This is a landmark book, the first published work of one of the best modern Puerto Rican writers of serious fiction, Pedro Juan Soto. It is Soto's second book to be published within a year, a breakthrough for Puerto Rican literature. Much high-quality Spanish-language fiction from the island remains dammed up behind him, victim, like Soto's work, of this country's longstanding linguistic and political prejudice toward Puerto Rican writers, many of whom are leftists and active workers for Puerto Rico's political independence from the US. It is also a blatant case of literary myopia in which a rich cultural achievement on the American landscape has been totally ignored.

Soto's first language is Spanish (he also has taught and written in English) but he is unquestionably an American, not a Caribbean writer. His subject is the US—the scene in New York and Puerto Rico, the interplay of the two cultures, the exploitation of the island, of the island in the city, of the islands of the Puerto Rican heart. His debt in his first published work is partially to mainland America: to Faulkner and Hemingway.

Spiks was pure gold as subject matter—the anguished spirit of New York's Puerto Rican ghetto—when it appeared in Mexico in 1956 under the Los Presentes imprint. Other writers mined the same material much later, Piri Thomas in *Down These Mean Streets,* Oscar Lewis in *La Vida,* both nonfiction, both in English, both successful. Soto, in Spanish, remained invisible.

But Soto's collection of seven short stories and six miniatures was never invisible in Puerto Rico. It was a cult work from the time its pre-publication fragments began winning literary prizes in the early 1950s. It is a tiny book of short works whose concision has the excitement of poetry because of the enormities suggested in so few words.

Unfortunately the book was also a feat of language that the present English translation doesn't reflect. Soto worked with the Puerto Rican Spanish vulgate in New York. Victoria Ortiz, who did the translation and a preface locating Soto in the literary framework of the island, doesn't echo that vulgate with her Studs Loniganese: ". . . you think yer king or somethin. Geddoudahere, you miserable . . . ." This approximates, in outmoded style, an American street idiom that has nothing to do with the language of Soto's spiks.

The ghetto as prison, daily life as agony, that is what the world has come to for the people in these stories; a place where the innocent fail easily, love turns into hallucination or nightmare, violence erupts in the peaceful soul and mockery is the lot of the slut who finds God in her own belly. The people are pool players, lonely women, a would-be artist, a pushcart peddler, a barber. The mood is one of depression realism, but Soto is a skillful ironist who can turn a value inside out with the flick of a wrist and who sees well beyond the street problem. The street is only the now of these lives. But there was a garden. "In Puerto Rico in my day you didn' see such things . . . ." And in the lost island garden, life was possible, even when the palm trees were fake and the moon was made of paper.

The chief influence on *Spiks,* according to Soto himself, was a book of stories in Spanish, *El hombre en la calle (The man in the street)* by Jose Luis Gonzalez, which Soto read in New York in 1948. Gonzalez looked on his own work as a break with the dominant tradition of "jibarismo," the romanticized literature of Puerto Rico's rural peasantry, and the beginnings of a realistic literature of the city. Soto, stunned by its powerful simplicity, vowed to match it. *Spiks* was the result.

Gonzalez is now the big dad of the generation of writers that came to flower in the 1940s and 1950s and is enjoying a republishing renaissance in Puerto Rico after 20 years of exile in Mexico. Another of that generation, Emilio Díaz Valcárcel, won much attention in Spain and Latin America in 1971 with his avant garde novel, *Figuraciones en el Mez del Marzo (Figurations in the Month of March)* and was accorded by some critics at that time a place in the current so-called "boom" of quality Latin fictionists (García Márquez, Cortázar, Fuentes, Vargas Llosa, Donoso, Cabrera Infante, etc.) But neither *Figuraciones* nor *El hombre en la calle* are available in English; nor are any other of Díaz' or Gonzalez' works; nor are any of the fictional works of other members of the '40s-'50s generation in Puerto Rico—Rene Marques, Edwin Figueroa, Cesar Andreu Iglesias, Abelardo Diaz Alfaro,

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Luis Rafael Sanchez—except for an occasional anthologized story. One anthology is *The Labyrinth* by Enrique Laguerre, 1960, but none of Laguerre's other books has been translated.

One of Soto's novels is available here. Dell published *Hot Land, Cold Season (Ardiente Suelo, Fría Estacion)* as a paperback original in early 1973, but disguised it as a juvenile for the high school market in Puerto Rican studies, assuring it of no serious attention.

But the odds against the novelist have always been longer in Puerto Rico than elsewhere. Soto recalled in a conversation at his home in San Juan that until his generation, Puerto Rican writers published their own books at their own expense. "We felt this was not honorable," he said, "a hobby. I didn't find any seriousness in them."

Since Puerto Rico had no book publishers, the new generation went to Mexico and Spain for recognition. Los Presentes accepted *Spiks* but charged Soto $200 to help with the printing. It was his first and last bit of self-subsidy.

His next book was *Usmail*, a novel which won him a literary prize and became a Puerto Rican book club selection. All this earned him $500. *Ardiente Suelo* followed and earned $300. *El Francotirador (The Sniper)*, a novel, was a coup: $800. Returns are still coming in on his most recent novel, *Temporada de Duendes (Season of Gnomes)* but times have changed. Puerto Rico in the '60s mushroomed as a literary market. This has been largely because of the concern the 30,000 students and faculty at the University of Puerto Rico are suddenly showing for Puerto Rican literature.

"Professors who haven't read a book in 20 years have begun to recognize Puerto Rican writers," said Soto, who has been teaching literature at UPR.

The current English version of *Spiks* is the book's fifth edition. The second, of 6000 copies, was to be for distribution to high schools by the Puerto Rico Department of Education, but the Grundys thought it a bit salty and all 6000 books are now somewhere in a closet. Soto doesn't know where. The third and fourth editions were 3000 each, for general distribution.

Soto has more novels, a story collection and criticism coming and will try to publish it all off the island as a way of resisting insularity and also proselytizing abroad for the unsung Puerto Rican literature. When Soto talked of that literature being ignored for so long his bitterest word was for the Latin critics and writers who have come to

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live on the island but have written nothing about its books.

"I've asked myself if it's the poor quality of our literature," he said, "but I don't find that true at all. I say it's politics. They're afraid that if they elevate a Puerto Rican book they'll be attacked for selling out to a colony of American imperialism. American writers and critics who come here usually don't know the language, but for the Latins to be so ignorant and ungrateful, that's really sad. Every time I talk about this, people think I'm expecting it for myself, but that's not true. I don't mean people should praise the hell out of everything, but they should read whatever is on hand and comment on it. They seem to me to be mainly tourists."

If there were any literary fair play such as Soto hopes for, *Spiks* would have been recognized and published in English in the late '50s when its bleak realism would not have seemed dated. But then this is a work of protest as well as compassion, the kind of writing that has almost ceased to exist in the US, and whose role is partially filled here now by nonfiction. Puerto Rico exists in a different literary time zone from the mainland. Nonfiction does not yet have such a vogue on the island and fiction, old and new, is in flower, as it is throughout Latin America. *Spiks*, in 1974, must therefore be judged not as a creation from yesterday afternoon but as an artifact of precious metal lifted from a time capsule.

William Kennedy

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

FREDERICK ANDERSON *is editor of the Mark Twain papers at the University of California, Berkeley and editor of the recent* A Pen Warmed up in Hell *(Harper & Row).* WILLIAM KENNEDY, *former book editor of* Look, *lived for seven years in Puerto Rico.* JOHN ALFRED AVANT *is a librarian at Columbia University, and a free-lance writer and critic.* ANTHONY COVATTA *teaches English at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, New York.* SAUL MALOFF, *critic and novelist, is the author, most recently, of* Heartland *(Scribners).* ANN MCADAMS *was formerly a writer for* The National Observer *under her married name, Ann Lancaster.* PHILIP BOOTH, *whose most recent book is* Margins *(Viking), teaches at Syracuse University.*

Advancing Paul Newman by Eleanor Bergstein

(Viking; $7.95)

This marvelous first novel's title is perfectly right in an unexpected way. Ila Rappaport and Kitsy Frank, attractive New York girls campaigning for McCarthy in the West in 1968, are part of the team that advances Paul Newman on his stumping appearances in little towns and cities. The promise of Newman's arrival throws the women in each area off balance sexually, and his short speech and quick departure leave them dazed. They will never be quite the same; nor will Ila and Kitsy, who try to turn Newman's eroticism into McCarthy votes. Except for jumping out of the car to speak, Newman is rarely visible; but his immediacy and the jockeying for positions around him, coupled with the campaign pressures and the jangled political nerves of the country, turn the ordinary sexual frustrations of the campaigners into misery. Kitsy, obsessed with the memory of her husband's recent death, goes under again and again. Ila, whose lover has stayed in New York, has a few masochistic sexual encounters. Tensions mount, relationships become increasingly complex, a big campaign party is a fiasco, and Robert Kennedy's death changes the mood of guilty abrasiveness into uncontrolled fear.

Eleanor Bergstein cuts back and forth between the campaign and chronological details of her two heroines and their friendship, which has been competitive from the start. Kitsy, lacking self-confidence, uses clothes and carefully applied make-up to become a high-powered New York girl. Ila, tall and skinny like a model, is happy that short skirts and colorful tights display her spectacular legs. She is drawn to men whom she allows to feel superior to her; and when she gets an even, reliable lover who has no hang-ups about being with her, she doesn't know how to cope. That Kitsy can land two husbands, both of them literary, makes Ila jealous; but Kitsy runs blindly into relationships, eagerly changing her image for each and, when she finds herself without a man, turns to politics as a way of meeting one. Bergstein gives us Ila's and Kitsy's story usually in short fragments that alternate with the progression of the primary campaigns; thus *Advancing Paul Newman* is two stories, with the same characters, told contrapuntally.

For a novel, especially a first novel, to remain compulsively readable for almost 400 pages in which short sequences intercut two levels of time is a feat; here the conception works completely. Instead of rendering a sense of displacement, each fragment blends into the text with an urgency that increases as the book goes on. Bergstein's ear is very fine; the prose rhythms are superbly controlled, and the slightly elegiac tone of the retrospective segments brings a satisfying throb to the infighting and couplings of the campaign. The two narratives play on each other, just as Ila's and Kitsy's sexual involvements and political activities merge in a way that makes it impossible to separate cause and effect. Bergstein combines her materials to create an extraordinarily rich mixture.

I love this novel for many reasons but perhaps mostly for what it evokes. You don't need to have been a lovely, well-heeled, intellectual New York girl in the '60s to be convinced that this is what it was like. In *Advancing Paul Newman,* memories of Manhattan and the Beatles and sex and assassinations and movies come together to form the texture of a decade that has been lived through; and, despite the speed of the prose, the novel has the leisurely feel of a reverie. In getting to the essence of how we look back on a just-vanished era, Bergstein does what the makers of *American Graffiti* were said to have done, and without the aid of a soundtrack for instant nostalgia.

Ila and Kitsy are swallowed up into the fecundity of this texture; during the reading I was caught up in their ambitions and griefs and rivalries, but in thinking of them afterward they don't exist for me outside of the novel's locales and events. They are clearly set, and I don't forget them, but I don't connect them with people I meet in life, as I do the characters in some other novels that are close to me. Although Bergstein probably intended for Ila and Kitsy to be more vivid than they are, their evanescence isn't a flaw. If they were stronger the novel's carefully achieved balance between contrasting moods might be thrown off, and the book might lose its air of constant surprise. The men are easily identifiable while you're reading about them, but when you've finished it's hard to remember which was which. In a novel that gave us nothing but characters reacting to each other, this kind of blurring would be fatal; but the forgettableness of these possibly tiresome males who do keep

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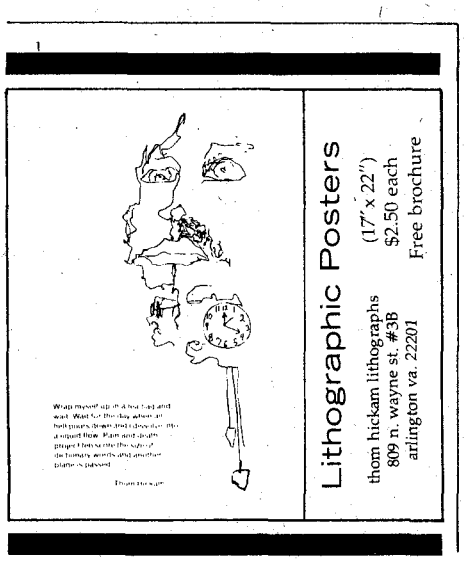
things going without any bother makes it easier to enjoy everything else.

There is, however, one intrusive character. Kitsy's second husband Louis is a comfortably situated poet-professor who, when drafted, finds himself too confused in his attitudes toward the war to resist and is killed in Vietnam. Throughout the campaign his death is Kitsy's symbol of loss, and her anguish is moving; but when we finally meet Louis in the retrospective segments he seems a self-righteous liberal who basks in the adoration of his wife and students.

Reactions to Newman's superstar sexiness dominate the McCarthy half of the book; and the big scene with Newman, when Ila half-heartedly tries to attract him, is hilariously effective and sad too—it has the ache of authenticity. Bergstein, however, keeps returning us to Newman's sexual threat, as though the book were meant to be a definitive view of the ways that movies and sex and politics join to shape our lives; but this novel is not quite that. Better than any other novel I can think of, *Advancing Paul Newman* tells us the way part of the American experience of the '60s was; but it doesn't tell us why. If it did, it would be a complete vision; but to engross us and even to transform our view of the past as it does, its vision doesn't need to be complete. Effortlessly assured, it has none of the tentativeness of a "first novel." Eleanor Bergstein knows how to bring emotion to the surface without leaving her readers to wallow in it. She knows how to begin a long novel on a high and sustain it, even while including elements of tragedy. Her debut is exhilarating from start to finish and is a major work.

John Alfred Avant



Women of Messina
A Vittorini Omnibus
by Elio Vittorini

(New Directions; $9.50 each)

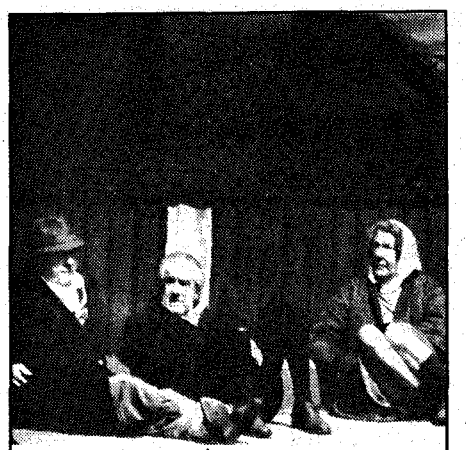
Those of us who are weary of seeing how beautiful and innocent we were during the halcyon decades of the Depression, fascism and World War II will consider these volumes a breath of fresh air. Vittorini portrays the way it really was in Italy and, since he is a writer of penetrating insight, the way it was and always is most places. Cheap nostalgia has no part in these tales of poor and oppressed people scrambling to survive while stolidly holding on to larger realities.

Disaster was more universal in Italy than in America, of course. But our provincialism has made us unaware not only of Vittorini's excellence as a writer but nearly of his very existence. Eight years after his death several of his books are still not available here; *Women of Messina* appeared in Italy 10 years ago—for the second time—and two of the tales in the *Omnibus* were recently out of print in this country.

Son of a Sicilian railway worker, Vittorini left home early, seeing Italy on his railroad pass, working on construction crews, absorbing the experiences and getting to know the people that figure in his novels. He knew us much better than we know him. Largely self-educated, he translated Faulkner, Steinbeck and Caldwell, among others, and was an authority on American literature.

While not strictly autobiographical, the short works of the *Omnibus*—*In Sicily*, *The Twilight of the Elephant* and *La Garibaldina*—reflect his origins, his life as a vagabond and manual laborer and his literary interests, especially, I think, a fascination with Steinbeck. Each novel deals with sons dislocated both physically and spiritually, strong mothers, weak or absent fathers, and grandfathers representative of a glorious past. That past was invariably difficult but did allow men to concentrate on things that matter—family relationships, meaningful work, respect for others growing from common concern and interest. Vittorini does not see a time in which man was whole or innocent, but he does see particular problems in the search for integrity and authenticity in modern civilization.

The search for identity, for connection with one's self, is the immediate subject of *In Sicily* (1937), generally con-



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sidered Vittorini's masterpiece. The Italian title, *Conversazione in Sicilia*, more accurately describes the book's strategy, one reminiscent of Hemingway, an arrangement of simple conversations that transform common language into vivid poetry. The situation is Dantesque. A man of 30, tortured by the "abstract furies" of fascism and his inability to make sense of personal relationships, takes a train to his native Sicily. There his contact with common folk performing the simple tasks that are necessary regardless of political regime or economic situation reconciles him to the death of a favorite brother in the war in Ethiopia and to his father's inadequacies; he also comes to appreciate his mother's mute, heroic ability to endure.

The Twilight of the Elephant (1946) also combines lyric elements with genre study. It pictures a family struggling to survive after the war. The elephant of the title is the family's grandfather, a muscular man of mythic dimension. His progeny either can find no work or repair bicycles; the elephant pushed tunnels through mountains in his day and, as his daughter likes to think, built the Colosseum, the Great Wall of China and the Pyramids. Grandfather lives in his past, but the focus is chiefly on a tough but somehow comic present. The family holds on to its identity and dignity, whether they are worried about the "elephant" devouring half the scanty food supply or about the children learning manners even when there is nothing to put on the table. The same good humor is evident in *La Garibaldina* (1950), a slight but amusing story in which an old woman who professes to have shamed Garibaldi into liberating Rome teaches a young soldier self-possession and self-respect.

Vittorini's concerns were not only personal and literary. An active anti-fascist before the war, he flirted with communism afterward. Politics, though, was an insufficient vehicle for a man more visionary than revolutionary, an advocate not so much of change in governments as change in the human heart. *Women of Messina* (revised 1964), on which he worked more than two decades, is his most extended and successful social statement.

Like *The Twilight of the Elephant*, it deals with the raw but invigorating months immediately after the end of the war. The most important of its several strands of narrative recounts the reconstruction of a mountain village by a group of refugees. While employing a

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variety of techniques to describe the villagers' recapitulation of the history of civilization, their movement from wheelbarrow to donkey cart to truck, Vittorini details a more general theme: the opportunity for human improvement he saw in the energies released by the leveling of Italian society in the war. For Vittorini postwar Italy suffered hunger, dislocation and privation, but also had a unique chance to sweep the decks clear, to establish more humane systems of living. For a while the villagers moved toward a community that appreciated both individual rights and a communal ideal, demanding group effort but allowing for privacy and the satisfaction of personal desires.

That principle held them together through the first fall and cruel winter. The following summer, however, the experiment falls apart as the communards hear the siren song of the rebuilding cities: cold beer, neon signs, political rallies, factory work. The call of modern industrial Italy is too much for some, and even most of those who remain eventually find themselves drawn into the physically comfortable but spiritually destitute, commonplace contemporary world. Only a handful maintain their dedication to ideals, remember how "sacred" the commune's few months were.

Vittorini is remarkably free of dogmatism. He does not, like Orwell, postulate malevolent systems that rob naive workers of freedoms and ideals. Instead he throws up his hands—more in amusement than despair—at creatures who are more interested in buying cars and refrigerators than in establishing genuine communities. There are, as in any work, a few minor flaws. Sometimes he skirts preciosity, and occasionally he strikes a hollow note. But we can forgive this in these memorable visions of resonantly meaningful life, presented with high good humor and lyric intensity.

Anthony Covatta

The Partners
by Louis Auchincloss

(Houghton Mifflin; $6.95)

If the fictional law firm of Shephard, Putney & Cox is at all representative of those powerful agglomerations whose members service the fiduciary and dynastic requirements of the very rich, come and go between Wall Street and Washington, sit on the boards of banks and foundations, universities and museums, deploy vast magnitudes of money and power—if the "partners" and their associates in the world portrayed by Louis Auchincloss are very like their fellows in Boston and Philadelphia, Houston and Los Angeles, Chicago and Miami, and if the "great" law firms, the old-boy circuits, constitute a kind of permanent shadow government, then it is a marvel never adequately accounted for by Max Weber or Karl Marx that the social system of which they are the very ground of continuity has survived even in its present parlous state.

For critical purposes the point is trivial; nevertheless it should be said that though it is called a novel, *The Partners* is actually an assemblage of autonomous sketches or episodes, tenuously related and sometimes not related at all save by the fact that there's a lawyer lurking about somewhere, most often the lawyer who may be called the principal character by virtue of the persistence of his lurking. In several instances the episodes have been included, one feels, as an afterthought, so inconsequential are they. They contain a lawyer or lawyers, who appear once, and never again. The overall effect is that of a maze of offices, occupying the premises of a firm, each enclosing its little tale. Nothing in the narrative gathers up its energies toward a destined end; instead the scale of the book seems determined by something so arbitrary as the cubic feet of office space, the number of inhabited cubicles and offices.

Such unity as the book possesses is conferred by a tone of voice—and therein lies the problem. For what are we to make of a tone uneasily situated somewhere between solemnity and irony, respect and ridicule, as its objects seem ready to collapse beneath satire into slapstick? How can we possibly take seriously, much less regard sympathetically, men who are at best pompous bores or sanctimonious buffoons? The problem is an interesting one of perspective: instead of fixing our attention on the characters, we are compelled to watch the author constantly shifting and adjusting to find the appropriate angle from which to regard them. Better: to listen to the voice as it seeks the right pitch. That voice: orotund, grave, stately, scoffing, faintly archaic, Augustan, ambassadorial, more royalist than the king. Call it Tory.

Now, making much of a name is a dirty business; but in a fiction where a word, a nuance, the arch of an eyebrow can decisively tip the balance of our attitudes, the difference between Beekman Ehninger and "Beeky," as any farceur knows, is the difference between Old New York and snickering. "Beeky," as he is universally called, is no palsied butler; he's the principal character, rising 60 and a senior partner of Shephard, Putney & Cox, scion of an old New York family, descendent of a robber baron, really the best sort of people, if not our kind, as (to be scrupulously fair) we are not theirs. Our sense of him, if not necessarily the author's, is firmly fixed early on, indeed from the opening page, when the 56-year-old Beeky ("Young Beeky" to his aged clients) is presented as decked out in "vivid check suits and bow ties" and favored with a "diminutive, agile, 'smart kid' figure." Actually rather crafty, he "liked to think of himself as the naive young hero who always outsmarted the villain in the silent film comedies of his boyhood." Moreover we soon learn of his "white" marriage to a strident, tarty "older woman" who frequently if fondly reminds him of his crucial incompetence and of the better men than he in her fervent past. Small wonder that he should rail against his longtime friend and analyst, Dr. Fellowes (who acts and sounds less like a shrink than a clubby, hectoring senior partner in a rival law firm), when Beeky comes to plumb motive and act with him.

In this world where the gentlemen always assemble in the library after dinner for coffee and brandy while the ladies await them in the living room, the language, if I may say so, is something else. People "utter dry little sobs" not infrequently; they also stamp their feet, Beeky in particular, exclaim "Dear me" and cry things like "But the man must be mad" and ask "And what, pray, is this group?" and "Pray tell me . . . whose side are you on?" Sometimes one stares "with astonishment into the yellow irises of his now frankly sneering companion," a companion described as "a tall drink of water." It seems fitting

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that the most powerful emotion in Beeky's life is his pure loathing, undiminished a half-century after the fact, for his boarding school headmaster. Name of Dr. Agnew—and not the only little chuckle in the book.

So why all the bother? Auchincloss' intention is obviously satiric, indeed heavy-handedly satiric, and there's an end of it. One either finds this sort of thing amusing or one does not. How can anyone respond save with distaste to a world in which Beeky is not only not the least of persons but by far the least appalling; one need only glimpse the others to recoil. Yet it is by no means certain that the intention is, as bottom, satiric. However absurd at times, these are honorable men, good at their vocation, the best of them formidable; they are bulwarks of the societal order, God help us. The founder himself, that stern patriarchal figure, had told the young Beeky that the "law was what the church had been in the Middle Ages: the only ladder available for the elevation of the reflective, the introspective, the noncompetitive in a society of brigands." Some of them may have fallen from that implausible pinnacle; some of them may be petty, mean, vindictive, rapacious, ridiculous—the last men in the world with whom you would assemble in the library for coffee and brandy. Neither a Nixon or Mitchell, nor a Boudin or Nader, could come out of Shephard et al.; but a Foster Dulles could. But for all their foibles, the value of their enterprise is never in question nor, in essence, are the men who staff it. Where, after all, would we be without them? A satirist might have suggested, if ever so lightly, the nature of that far better place.

Playfully scoffing, yes; satiric, no: the authorial voice (which is not necessarily the author's) resembles too closely those it mocks. There is no distancing; indeed there is no distance. At a dinner party, conversation turns to Vietnam, while Beeky's "heart dipped" upon hearing the word. Here, unhedged, is the voice itself: "Franklyn Sidell, like many cultivated, prominent members of the downtown bar, was something of a dove. He was one of those who tended to bury the strategic difficulties of the conflict under a profound head-shake and a grave muttering about 'this terrible war.'" Don't get Sidell wrong: being a cultivated, prominent member of the downtown bar, he's the last man on earth to think it a dirty war; he merely means it's the *wrong* war. "We" fell into a Soviet "trap," allowing them to choose a battlefield where "everything favors them." A guest has her host dead to rights when she reminds him she actually "*lived* in a communist country." Before that massive dialectical onslaught Sidell slithers into silence like a whipped cur, or a cultivated, prominent member of the downtown bar. Lest there be any revanchist doubt that he is either, it must fall before the conclusive evidence provided by the dining room he presides over—oval paneled, lit by candelabra and the bulbs over three Monet paintings of lily pads.

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Uncoupling

Creative Divorce by Mel Krantzler

(M. Evans; $6.95)

It is illogical on the surface, but apparently true, that when one partner in a good marriage dies the other partner is apt to feel grief, and also hostility toward the dead partner. The deceased, after all, has "abandoned" the one who must live on, who must face the frequently ugly burden of shifting the attitudes and habits of his life around to form a new design. A similar phenomenon occurs in the case of divorce, but here the hostility is much stronger, naturally, since anger and hurt already stand between the spouses before they are parted. After divorcing couples split up, their resentment may increase because each feels abandoned; even a partner who has walked out on his wife or her husband may experience disturbing feelings of abandonment.

Mel Krantzler, who makes this interesting point in his book, gave up his work as a family and career counselor in California following the demise of his own 24-year marriage, to become a therapist solely to people troubled over their divorces. Nothing in his professional life had equipped him to deal with the emotional devastation that separation from his wife brought on. He had left a comfortable suburban home in San Francisco, two daughters in their teens, a way of existing that had worn grooves in his brain that played familiar messages of safety, if not happiness, to him. What ensued was a terrible period of psychological fluctuation—ups and downs, mostly growing out of this feeling of abandonment countered by the urge to crawl away from such despair. Now he looks back on this period as a time of mourning. Divorce, he contends, signifies the death of a relationship. Anyone who confronts divorce will, to varying degrees, meet the typical emotions that arise upon the death of a person one cares about: denial accompanied by a flight into fantasies ("if-I-can-pretend-my-marriage-is-still-okay-it-can't-be-dead"), which presses into service devices such as glorification of the past; hostility; guilt over things that one has done or not done, but which in any event now can no longer be repaired; and other upsetting internal experiences that lead up to a relinquishing of something that one realizes has long since been gone anyhow. The mourning period usually reaches its height about six months after a couple is separated, according to Krantzler. During the mourning if one is able to harness one's pain to whatever extent one feels pain, one may undergo one of the most beneficial spurts of personal growth in a lifetime.

"Creative" or beneficial marriage-mourning involves getting rid of old ideas about being merely half of a couple. It involves rediscovering, and learning to respect, the individual self that has been there all along, buried in so many instances under a heap of borrowed identities. Married women, especially, as is so often said these days, tend to think of themselves in terms of other people. They are someone's wife, someone's mother, or whatever—and too often they base their self-respect upon the achievements of others to whom they attach themselves. But even people who stay married would doubtless do better, be happier and more

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capable of loving without manipulating or using, if they could gain their psychological independence.

Doing so is no easy task, of course. People who go through a divorce actually may have an advantage here. Ordinarily they possess a great deal of extra energy generated by their crisis and they may convert it ("harnessing pain") into the positive force necessary to kick away from their former dependencies. They find the strength to carry out all sorts of projects that had previously been left up to a spouse – that, indeed, had been considered the spouse's special domain. Managing a budget and preparing dinner are examples. Tiny though they may seem, accomplishments such as these should not be scoffed at, says Krantzler. They show that one is coping and, furthermore, that one has stopped seeing oneself relatively, in the role of husband or wife who may perform only "masculine" or "feminine" chores; one is instead an individual, a human being – and the chores are "human." Krantzler gives a number of other practical suggestions for attaining separate selfhood. The guidelines he proposes for handling legal negotiations without getting bogged down in conversational traps that make it harder to break the bonds that must be broken seem particularly wise.

At least as valuable is Krantzler's chapter on children in divorce, full of humane and common-sense comfort to parents. Children are resilient – they can recover from "separation shock"; a broken home (for all the bad connotations of the term) may be less harmful to them than a tense two-parent home where both parents are miserable. The most important fact for parents to recognize is that children will have to muddle through their own periods of marriage-mourning, their anger and hostility (they too have been abandoned). The muddling will be lessened if they are encouraged to talk about how horrible they feel. Listening to them may not be fun, but it will probably keep them from having to act out their suffering through unacceptable behavior, "getting back" at parents, or from quietly turning their suffering inward and forming permanent emotional scars. Quite commonly children feel themselves somehow to be at fault in their parents' divorces, partly the result of their magical belief that the things they wish for will come true. In Freudian thought, children at one time or another may wish death upon their parent of the same sex; then if that parent leaves, children may suffer guilt for having "wished him away." They must see that they are not the cause of the divorce.

Krantzler's approach is not far from the new, popular psychoanalytical field of transactional analysis, in which emphasis is on the notion that within each grownup the child he used to be lives on, and that within each child there is a little adult, worthy of respectful consideration. A policing mechanism inhabits both the grownup and the youngster. In this way grownups and children are very much alike, their minds comprised, though in different proportions, of *parent*, *adult* and *child*. A grownup's greatest happiness arrives when he can balance the three parts in such a way as to eliminate superfluous dependencies, which involve conduct that transactional analysts call "game-playing" (Eric Berne), forms of using people. Game-playing is dishonest, since the motives are ulterior; games stand in the way of clear-eyed intimacy. The best way to have a loving relationship, say the transactional analysts, is first to achieve psychological independence.

Recently divorced myself, I noticed that Krantzler's book took me back through the pain (evoked as he described his deep initial mourning) and then the lifting-up of spirits (as he described the new and hopeful ways that "creatively" divorced people can go on to relate to other people) that he characterizes as the divorce experience. It was most worthwhile, the whole cathartic process all over again but shrunk down to pocket size.

Ann McAdams

General Truths

Social Indicators 1973

(Office of Management and Budget; $7.80)

Scientists are trained to dismiss argument from anecdote; but the less rigorous among us tend to put credence in a single experience, to generalize from the known particular. Psychologists call the phenomenon the "Aunt Emma response." Faced with a statistic the applicability of which we suspect, we drag out Aunt Emma to disprove it; or if the statistic is congenial, Aunt Emma proves the point (*i.e.*, Aunt Emma has smoked for 50 years without getting lung cancer; therefore there is no relation between cigarettes and malignancies).

When a pundit or a politician talks about what The People are thinking or doing he may be relying on a poll or he may just be generalizing from a few conversations with friends who read newspapers. Opinion polls of the sort produced by Gallup and Harris, and surveys such as are done by the census are, when the right questions are asked, probably the best means of bringing into focus the general truths we all crave to know.

The President's Office of Management and Budget this week released a new sort of statistical report, an almanac on the conditions of life in America, dealing not with programs intended to educate or heal or house but rather with outcomes and to a lesser extent with public perceptions. (The data in the section on education, for instance, deal with levels of educational attainment, not with school budgets.) The intended result is a composite picture of American life and how close it comes to the ideals commonly espoused (good health, long life, nice house, safe streets, comfortable income and such). The book is mainly charts and graphs and tables culled from previously published government and private research with just enough caption material to make sense of them, if not to explain why things are as they are. It should find a place next to the dictionary as a useful resource to journalists and others who would prefer not to rely on Aunt Emma for their suppositions about reality.

A few examples will serve to provide an idea of what the OMB's social in-

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dicators people are after: The child born in 1970 can expect, on the average, to live 70.8 years. The white female who was age 30 in 1970, having made it that far, will live, on the average, to be 77.5. The four leading causes of death for males aged 15 to 24, in order, are accidents, homicide, suicide and cancer. For men 65 and over the leading causes of death are heart disease, cancer, stroke, influenza and pneumonia. More injuries take place at home than at work, and those at home outnumber those involving motor vehicles. "Other places" outrank the home as the scene of injuries. (Best stay away from other places.) At least 75 percent of all Americans of whatever age, race, sex, education, income or location have either a "great deal" or a "fair amount" of confidence "in being able to get good medical care" when it's needed.

Aunt Emma is concerned and fearful about crime but she has little more reason to fear being murdered than she had in 1933, for although there have been fluctuations in the homicide rate, the rate in 1933 was 7.7 murders or nonnegligent manslaughter cases per 100,000 population and in 1970, 7.8. The slowest year for murder in the interim was 1963 when for some reason only 4.5 persons per hundred thousand died that way. There's much more to fear from rapes, robberies and aggravated assaults, whose rates have accelerated sharply since the mid-'60s. Since 1967 there's been a general increase in the number of persons who say they are afraid to walk alone at night within a mile of their homes. Between 1965 and 1967 such fears were somewhat on the wane. Walking-at-night fears are related to income, poorer people being more fearful than richer people (who presumably live in better neighborhoods), women more fearful than men, people in big cities more fearful than those in small. The average person, male or female, has about five hours a day of leisure time (excluding time at work, eating, sleeping and doing personal chores). Housewives have the most leisure time (just under six hours), and they spend something more than an hour and a half of it watching television. Male blue-collar workers watch more TV than any other category described (two hours).

Data in *Social Indicators 1973* are broken down into eight basic categories—health, public safety, education, employment, income, housing, leisure and recreation, population. It's fascinating stuff, useful to check against one's prejudices. The most interesting thing to me is how seldom statistics jolt common preconceptions, how much they seem to confirm assumptions. I suspect that if you asked Aunt Emma to guess the results of all the surveys and statistical computations you'd be surprised at how often she would be right.

David Sanford

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Free-lance writers and curious readers will find the new edition of **Writer's Market '74** a mine of information, useful if you write and want to be informed of the 5178 "paying markets for novels, stories, fillers, plays, articles, gags, verse & photos," entertaining if you did not know of the existence of such publications as *Christian Bookseller*, which buys "success stories illustrated with glossy photos, about established Christian booksellers"; or the 14 magazines that deal exclusively with the subject of petroleum; or *MD's Wife*, which will buy "stories of doctors' wives, better-living feature of doctors' families and think pieces on medico-social subjects"; or *Fate*, which pays a minimum of three cents a word for pieces on "occultism, witchcraft, magic, spiritual healing miracles, flying saucers, etc. Must include complete authenticating details." Listed under Education are 32 publications, everything from *Today's Catholic Teacher* through *Learning* ("We publish articles about learning, what it is and isn't") to *Intellect*. *Intellect* is a puzzler; it "buys" world rights, it says, its editors "occasionally commission articles," and it then concludes its paragraph with "no payment." So much for *Intellect*, as opposed, for example, to *Toys*, which "carries in-depth reporting, no puff articles, about successful hobby retailers and Christmas decoration retailers" and pays nine cents a word for articles up to 2000 words.

Edited by Jane Koester and Rose Adkins (a fascinating job it must have been) for *Writer's Digest* in Cincinnati, and costing $9.95 for this 45th edition, the book also contains up-to-date listings of book publishers, agents, foreign publishers (not entirely complete; two English ones I looked up were not here), writers' organizations, etc. The book concludes with a glossary of publishing terms. If you are unaware of the special meanings of kill fee, retention rights, epigram, gothic novel, or first North American serial rights, this is the place to come. Most notable definition: "payment on publication: the editor sends you a check for your article, story or poem as soon as he reads it and decides to publish it." That's perfectly clear. My own choice for a market is a publication I've never heard about before, *The National Informer*, which circulates to half a million "sophisticated, mature" adults, "who like to be informed on human interest, self-help, and do-it-yourself types of features, especially if these are sex-oriented. [They] like to be shocked by sex exposé features." An example is given of a recent article: "House Witches Exist!" Unfortunately this ripe market only pays two cents a word, but don't despair; you can make up to $100 for a black-and-white glossy. On second thought, perhaps I'll stick to *Warehouse Distribution*, which buys fillers: "short humor, jokes, cheesecake," and the pay: "open."

In April 1940 this journal noticed the appearance of a book, **Country Editor,** by the editor of the Martha's Vineyard *Gazette*, Henry Beetle Hough, and said it "wears well for leisurely reading." Now The Chatham Press (Riverside, Conn.; $3.95 paper) has reissued it after

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33 years. It is a touching piece of nostalgia, praising the values of small-town life, and the choice he and his wife made in leaving city journalism, moving to Martha's Vineyard and taking over the ownership of the *Gazette*. The folksy, easy-going style of that weekly inhabits this account, which goes from 1920 to 1940. A genuine feeling for the values of "winy fall air," "the gentle ruin" of the editorial offices, the charms of harbor life, the physical labor of getting out a small paper, the native's view of the summer invaders, and so forth, is on every page. Now retired editor Hough has written a rueful introduction to the new edition. He mourns the passage of the linotype and the prohibitive cost of replacing it that threaten the continued existence, in its present form, of the *Gazette*, now owned by James and Sally Reston. A piece of Americana, and still, it should be noted, good leisurely reading.

Entry

Sheer cold here.
Four straight days
below zero, the roof
contracting in
small explosions
all night. Now snow:
snow halfway up
the back shed;
more coming all
morning: the sky
drifted, patched
blue, flakes in
large sizes
lazing against
a small sun.
Around here
they call
these days "open
and shut," by
sunset the wind
will veer and
stiffen; tomorrow
will build on
a windblown
crust. Given
this day, none
better, I try
these words to
quicken
the silence: I
break track
across it to
make myself
known.

PHILIP BOOTH

At a cocktail party in Washington to launch his new book last week, William Shannon said of **They Could Not Trust the King** (Macmillan; $12.95, $4.95 paper) that the text was written to accompany the superb pictures taken by Stanley Tretick for NBC Nightly News. Nowhere do the faces seen at the Watergate hearings appear to more striking advantage—spectators, the select committee, the frightening and often self-revealing faces of the witnesses. To give the book a properly solemn tone of historicity, Barbara W. Tuchman has written a short introduction that is a call for action on the crisis of faith in the political principles of the nation: "I can only record what has been my belief since last July: that President Nixon will not—and should not—complete his term." William V. Shannon, who reports from Washington to *The New York Times*, has supplied a highly readable, fact-filled, often wryly humorous text, constructed on the guiding metaphor of regicide. Macauley, writing of the members of the Long Parliament and King Charles I, beheaded in 1649, said:

> *They could not trust the king. He had no doubt passed salutary laws; but what assurance was there that he would not break them? He had renounced oppressive prerogatives; but where was the security that he would not resume them? The nation had to deal with a man whom no tie could bind.*

All sorts of historical and imaginative parallels to the current American tragedy have been suggested: Richard the Second, and the Third, Humpty Dumpty, Macbeth, etc. This reference to history is compelling; what we are ignorant of we cannot hope to avoid.

One of the great testimonials to the human imagination is the sculptor Christo's attempt to stretch a curtain of copper orange, woven-synthetic fabric across Rifle Gap, Colorado. After two years of planning and on-site work and one abortive attempt during which the curtain was ripped by high winds, it was finally erected (1368 ft. at its width, 365 ft. at its height) on August 10, 1972. On August 11, 28 hours later, the enormous labor, the incredible conception, the pride (inexplicably) of the inhabitants of Rifle, was again in shreds after a violent sandstorm. The book, **Valley Curtain,** which Abrams at great cost ($35) has published, is another testimonial, this one to the willingness of a publisher to go to great expense to put into print *anything* if his faith is great enough. The curtain gone, Abrams believes the book, which contains every blueprint, every contract, every piece of paper pertaining to the project, is a monument in itself. And so it is. The photographs, taken at every stage of construction and completion by Harry Shunk, are often too beautiful for the weight of the subject matter. But as the book reaches its climax—the full sight of the orange curtain stretched across an entire valley and turning the landscape into a man-made place "in concert with nature"—the reader-viewer is perplexed by the effort and the result, and wonders if the failure and collapse of the man-made creation —*not*, interestingly enough, recorded in the series of photographs—was almost destined to be a symbolic, tragic conclusion to the enormity of the effort. Christo has wrapped a bluff overlooking a bay near Sydney with polypropylene to turn it into a million square foot "magic Garden." Under his hand the natural becomes metamorphosized, or curtained, or tied and harnessed for the moment, and then nature beats him back, rendering his efforts futile, reducing him and his dreams from 200,000 square feet of orange curtain (a sample of which comes in the book) to 354 pages, 9.5 by 12 inches.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

mouth Quaid is whisked upstairs into prison without even a chance to say goodbye; it's just the effect that's needed, like the abrupt clanging of a steel door. And two other moments are especially well handled. Nicholson and Young take the boy on a detour to Camden to see his mother who lives there alone. The mother isn't home—another improvement over the novel, which has a trite scene with the mother and her seedy lover. After some chuffing and blowing on the wintry porch, Nicholson tries the door. It's open. We get just a quick look at the scruffy living room. The boy doesn't even step inside. Our look at the room and the boy's reaction to it tell us all we need to know

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about the past life that has put him where he is.

Then, during a childishly perverse picnic in a snowy Boston park, the boy makes a last-minute unplanned attempt to escape. The guards chase him. He slips; they catch him and subdue him. Ashby holds the camera back from the struggle in a long shot. It's an excellent touch. Ashby doesn't want to maul us with immediate violence; he wants us to see the three men, former friends, struggling in the middle of open space, three physically and humanely entangled items of humanity. Instead of being shocking or gory, which it might have been, the moment is perfectly sad.

Book Note. Indiana University Press has just published a good biography, *Eisenstein* by Yon Barna, himself a director in Rumania (illustrated; $10). The only previous biography of Eisenstein in English is Marie Seton's, which is much longer and more detailed but occasionally erroneous and differently oriented. Barna concentrates on the "sources" of Eisenstein's films, "that special concurrence of sensory and social events that determines the conditions for the appearance of a work." Some of the result is a bit fanciful, most valid, all stimulating. Barna doesn't supplant Seton; but where there was one biography of this important subject, there are now two.

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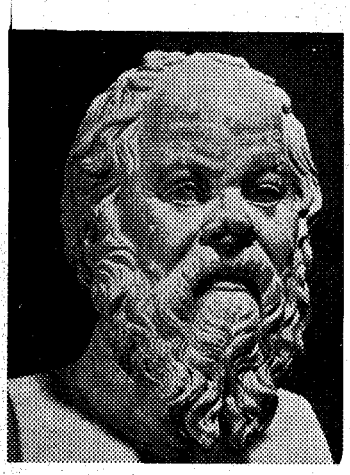

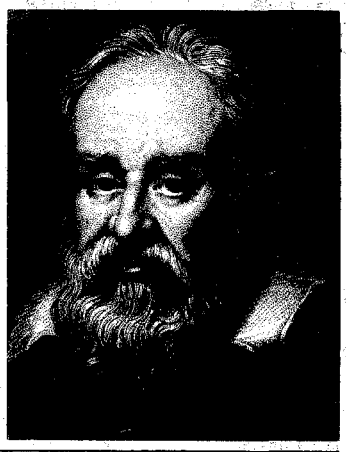

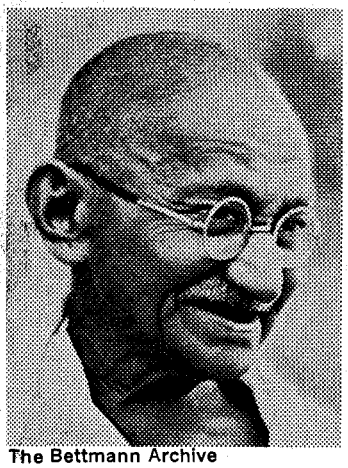

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